

No. 19
JUNE
JULY

Featuring **NERO FOX**
THE JIVE-JUMPING EMPEROR OF ANCIENT ROME



Leading COMICS

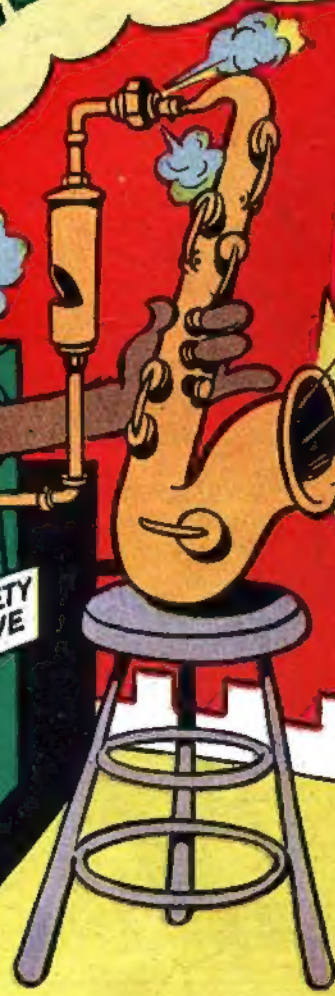
WORSE THAN
EVER! AT LEAST
WHEN HE **TOOTS**
THE SAX HIMSELF,
HE CAN'T **SING**
TOO!

OOHLEEOH LAYEEE

BLAT
SCREEE
GUK

REDUCO
STEAM
CABINET

SAFETY
VALVE



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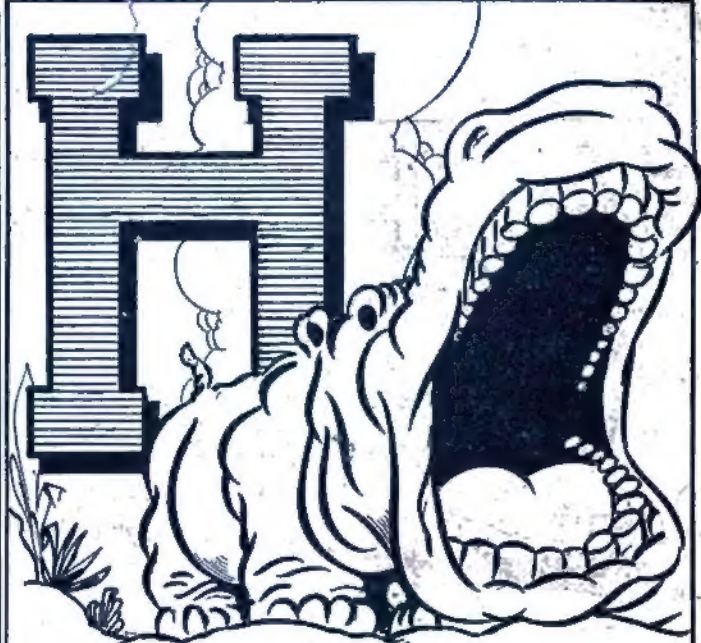
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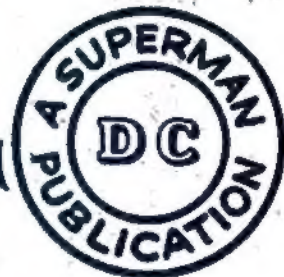
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WONDER WOMAN
WORLD'S FINEST COMICS



is for
HIPPOTAMUS,

AND WHEN HE FINISHES
HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS
THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS!
BEAT ALL HOLLOW!



- ON THE COVER OF
**STAR-SPANGLED
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FOR EXAMPLE!
IT'S YOUR
GUARANTEE
OF THE **BEST**
IN ANY
COMIC
MAGAZINE!

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NERO FOX

BLOOEY
BLAP SCREE
SHRIEEK

BLURT SQUEEE



WHEN THE ROYAL PURPLE STARTS BLOOEYING THE BLUES, ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN AND DOES! NERO FOX NEARLY LOSES HIS THRONE, AND GOES TO TOWN, LICKETY-SPLIT, WITH PLENTY OF...

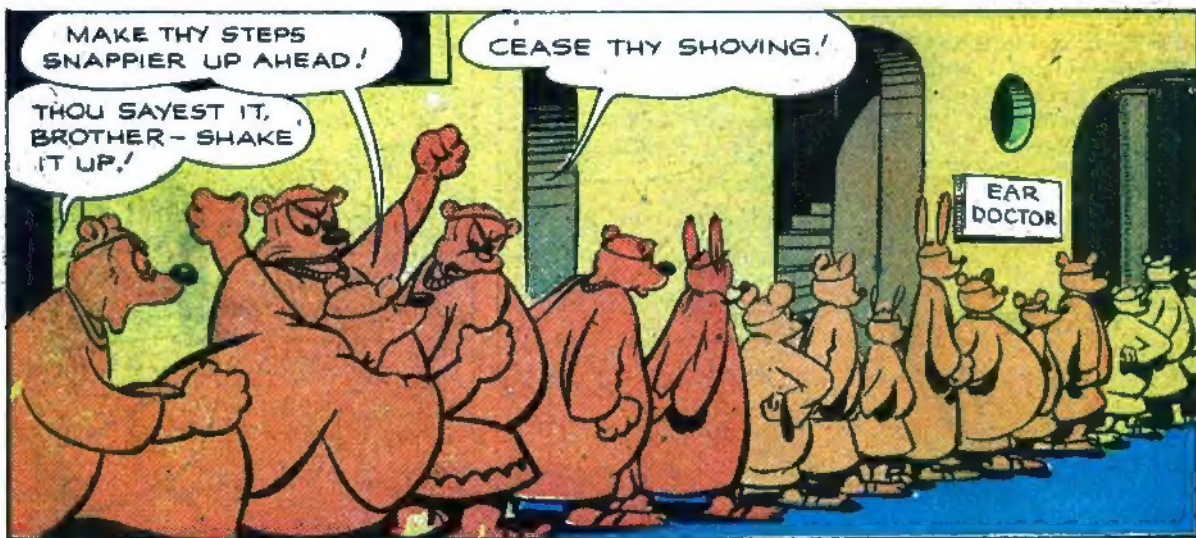
"BARRELHOUSE ON THE DOWN-BEAT!"

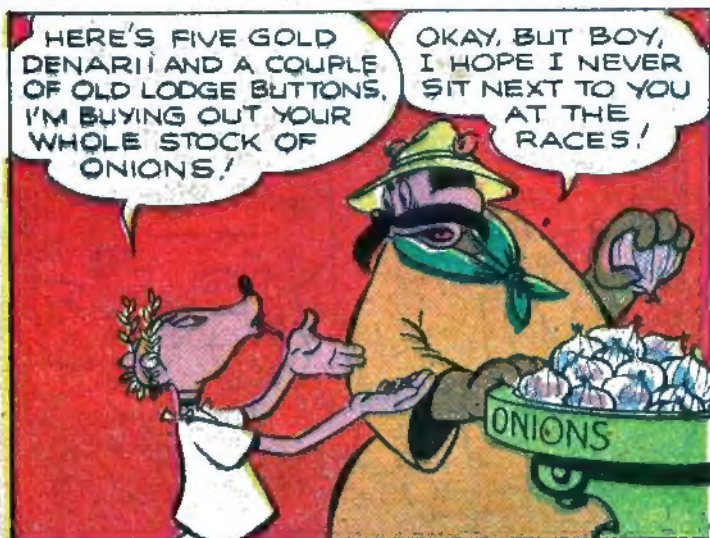
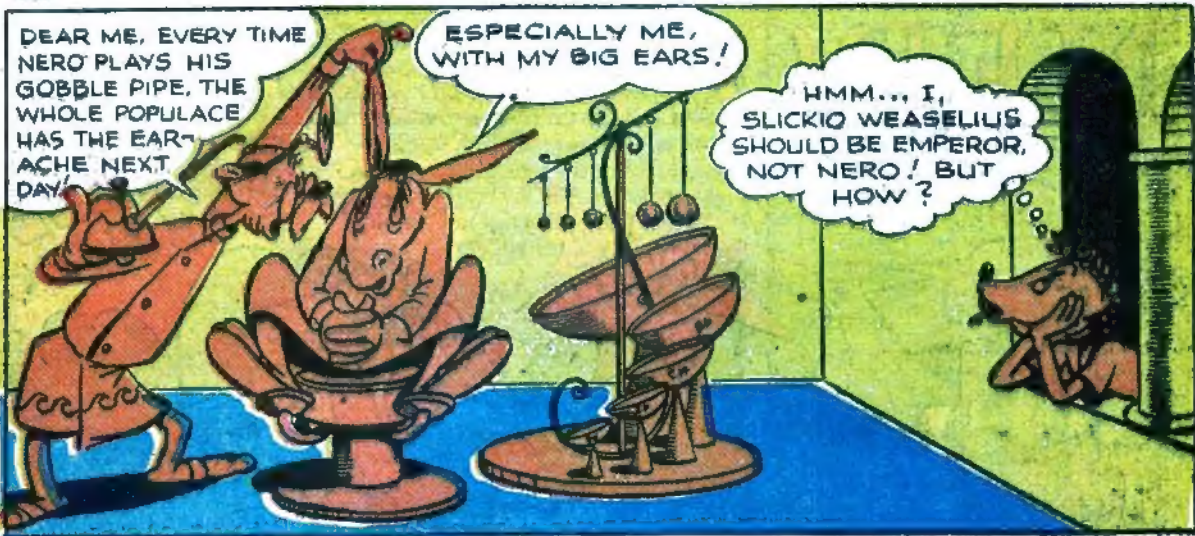
MAKE THY STEPS SNAPPER UP AHEAD!

THOU SAYEST IT, BROTHER - SHAKE IT UP!

CEASE THY SHOVING!

EAR DOCTOR





NOW I'LL TEND TO MY PART OF THE SCHEME—AND WHEN NERO COMES ALONG THIS AFTERNOON, WE'LL SEE WHAT WE'LL SEE!



THAT AFTERNOON, AT THE EMPEROR'S PALACE...

HO, BARKUS! SUMMON MY LITTER, FOR I FAIN WOULD HIE ME TO THE FORUM, TO HEAR PRAISE OF THAT BOOGEY WOOGY JUNK BUCKET SESSION I PLAYED ON THE GOBBLE PIPE LAST NIGHT!

YES, YOUR EXCELLENCY!



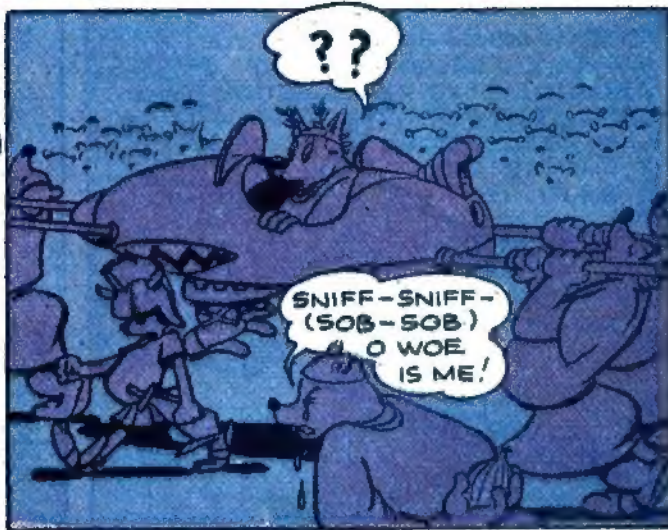
PRESENTLY...

AH! NERO'S COMING AT LAST. NOW, IF THE CITIZENS WILL RUB THEIR EYES WITH THE ONIONS I DISTRIBUTED, AND PRETEND THEY'RE WEEPING, MY SCHEME WILL WORK!



??

SNIFF-SNIFF-
(SOB-SOB)
O WOE
IS ME!



GAAAAA!
OH WOE IS US!

SNIFF-SNIFF-
(SOB-SOB)
OH, WHOA—I
MEAN WOE, IS
ME!

??

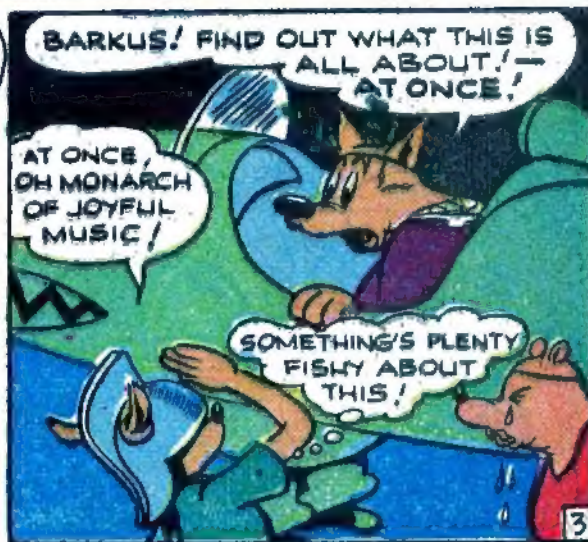
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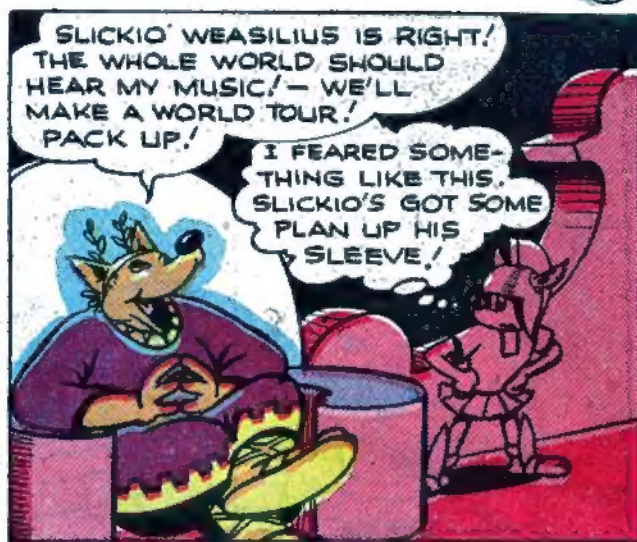


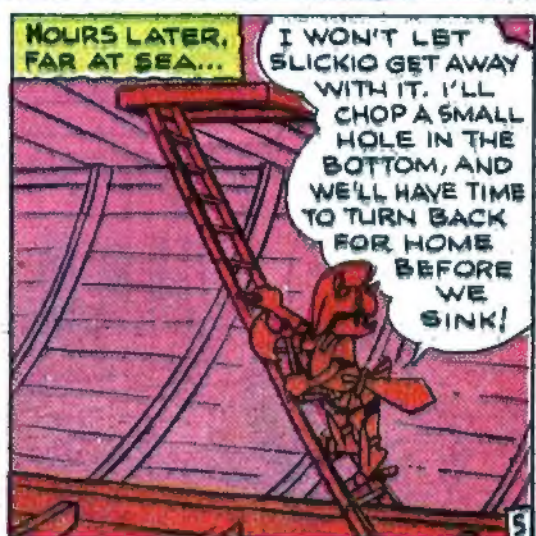
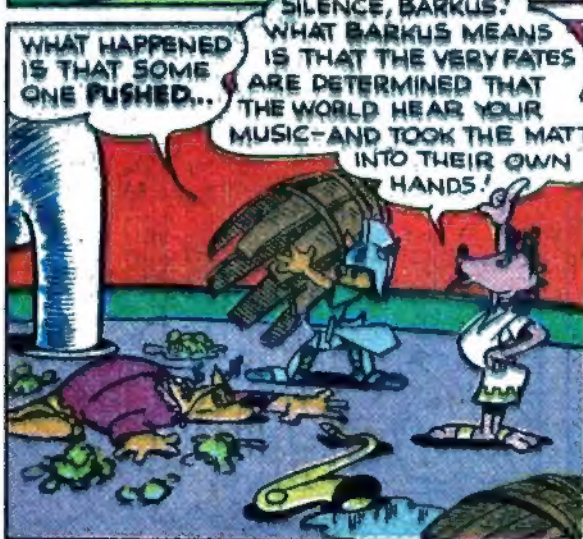
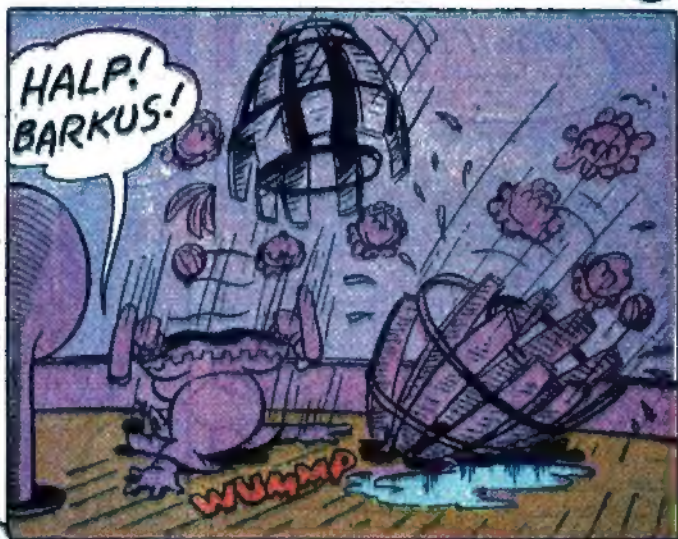
BARKUS! FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!—AT ONCE!

AT ONCE,
OH MONARCH
OF JOYFUL
MUSIC!

SOMETHING'S PLENTY
FISHY ABOUT
THIS!







WOW! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE SUCH A BIG HOLE! NOW THE SHIP IS SINKING!

PUT ABOUT FOR HOME! ROW FOR YOUR LIVES — THE SHIP IS SINKING!

MERCIFUL JUPITER! MY CAREER! MY LIFE! MY GOSH!

LOOK! A WATER SPOUT — MOVING THIS WAY!

ME, OH MY!

HALP!

WOW!

YOW!

MEANWHILE, BACK IN ROME...

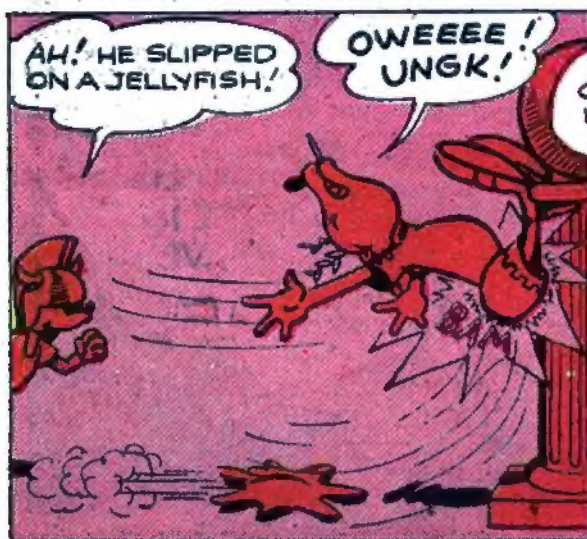
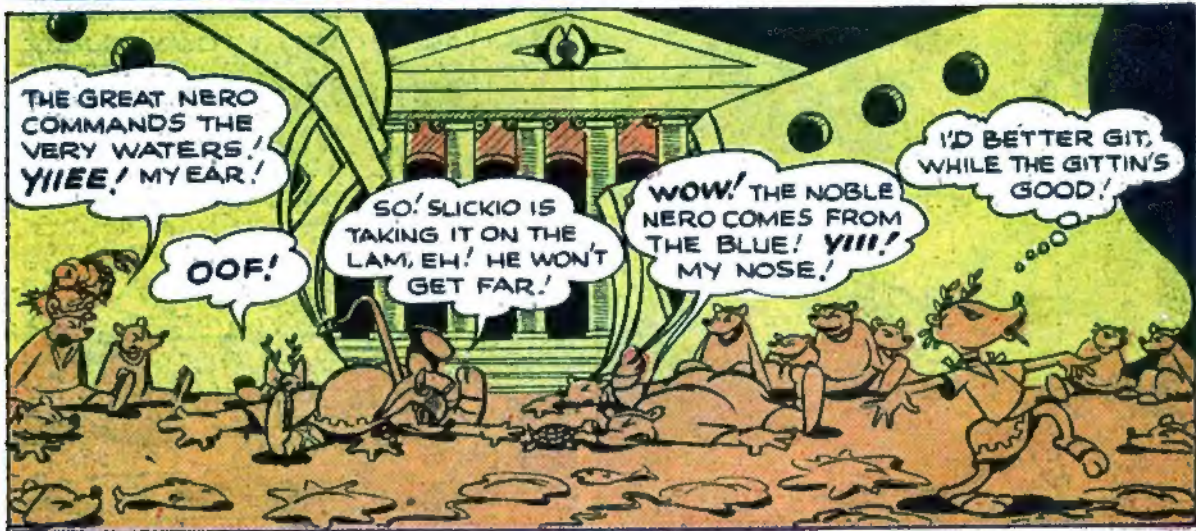
'RAY FOR EMPEROR SLICKIO WEASILUS!

HE SAVED OUR EARS!

EMPEROR SLICKIO I

FRIENDS, ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN — I, GABIBUS MAXIMUS, TAKE THIS MEMORABLE OCCASION TO ...

LOOK! LOOK! THERE IN THE HEAVENS!



EXCUSE IT, MIGHTY BARD OF BOOGIEY WOOGIEY!—MY HANDS SLIPPED!

AH! THEY'RE ALL TRYING TO ESCAPE THE MUSIC, BUT ARE SLIPPING ON THE JELLY FISH!

GLOOMPY
BLAT BLAT
SKRUNK

I CAN'T STOP SLIDING, BUT I MUSTN'T DIS-APPOINT MY ADORING AUDIENCE.

GRINK
SWOUP
SKREEOOK

LEMME OUTTA THIS, BEYOWNK! I CAN'T GET FOOTN!

ANOTHER MINUTE AND THEY'LL ALL BE LAID OUT!

BLAHLLOPH
GLUNK GLUNK
SCROUCH

THAT NOISE! THESE SLIPPERY JELLYFISH! YOW!

OOF! THERE GOES MY WIND! I'LL HAVE TO STOP!

IT'S OKAY, MAJESTY. YOUR ADORING PUBLIC HAS DANCED ITSELF INTO PROFOUND, HAPPY OBLIVION! WE'LL CALL THIS DANCE THE "JELLY FISH SLIDE."

AND LATER...

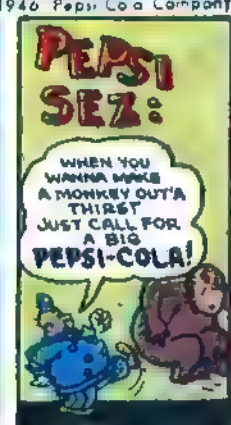
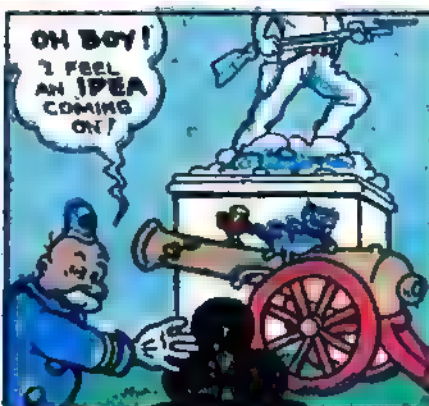
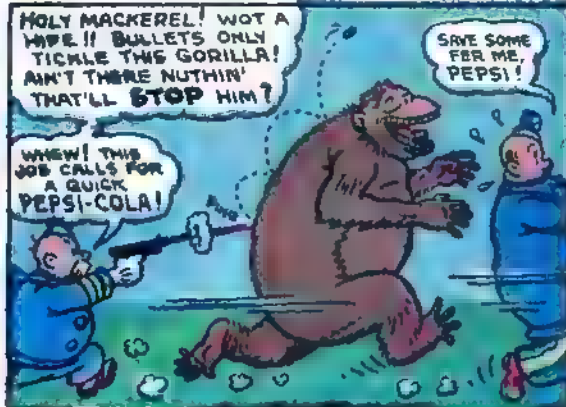
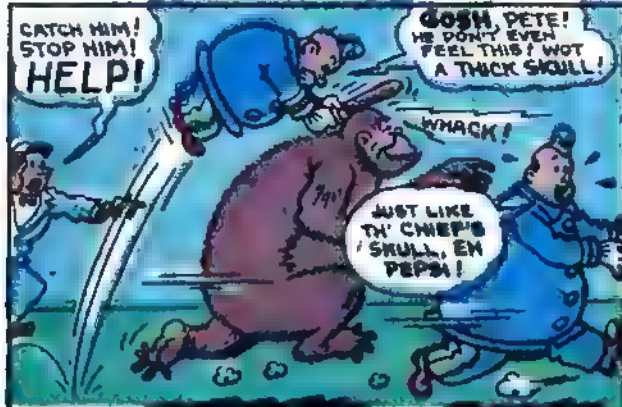
A LOVELY PIECE OF SCULPTING, ISN'T IT? BUT—ER—JUST BETWEEN US, BARKUS, THAT "JELLY FISH SLIDE" WAS AN ACCIDENT!

TUT, TUT. YOUR ROYAL GOBBLE PIPING EXCELLENCY!—THAT WAS NO ACCIDENT—THAT WAS ME!

IN HONOR OF NERO'S NEW! AT RUG-CUT RYTHM

THE
JELLY FISH SLIDE

"PEPSI" ... THE PEPSI-COLA CO.



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SALTY THE SAILOR



LOOK LIVELY IN THE RIGGING THERE, MATES! AND GLUE A WEATHER-EYE ON THE STARBOARD BOW- FOR WE'RE OFF WITH SALTY THE SAILOR, AND THE GALES A-BLOWIN' HARD, DRIVIN' US TOWARD...

"THE LAND OF WEIRD MONSTERS!"

WITH SALTY THE SAILOR AT THE HELM, THE SEVEN SEAS POINTS BOWS OCEANWARD...

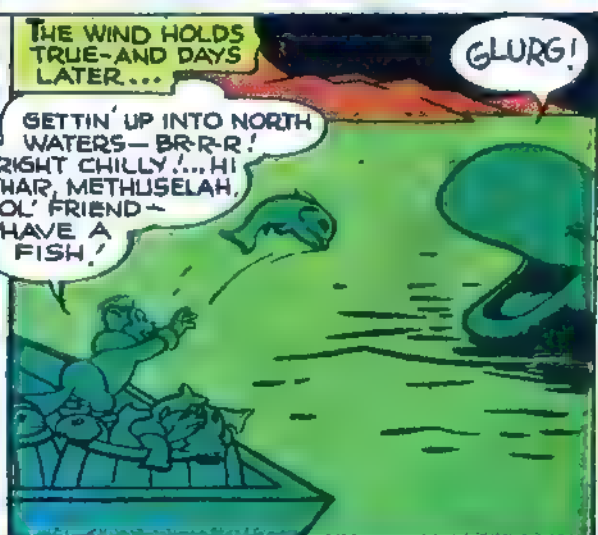
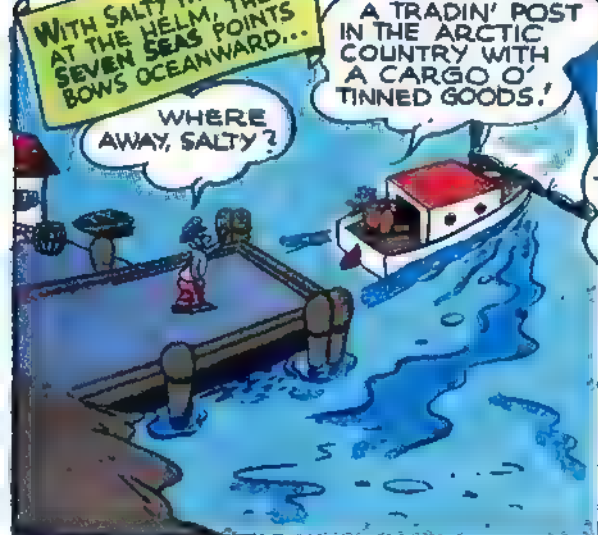
WHERE AWAY, SALTY?

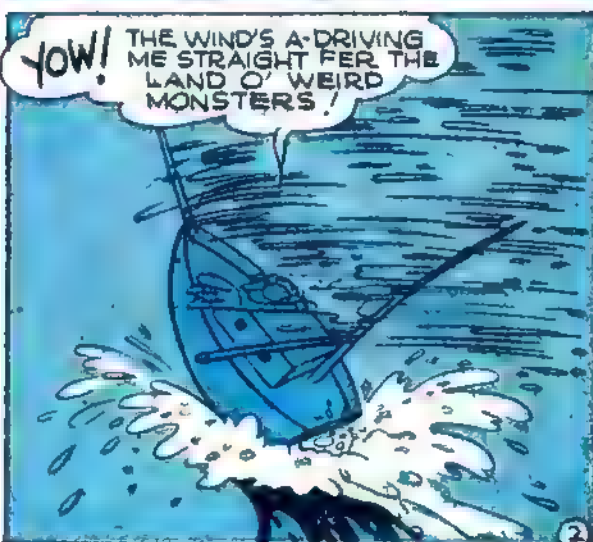
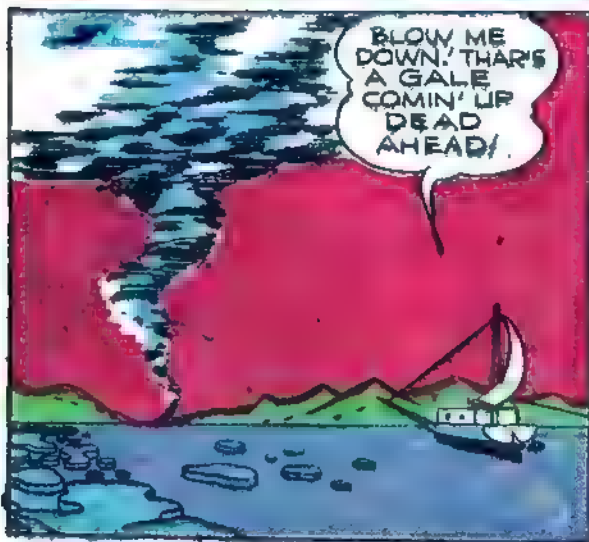
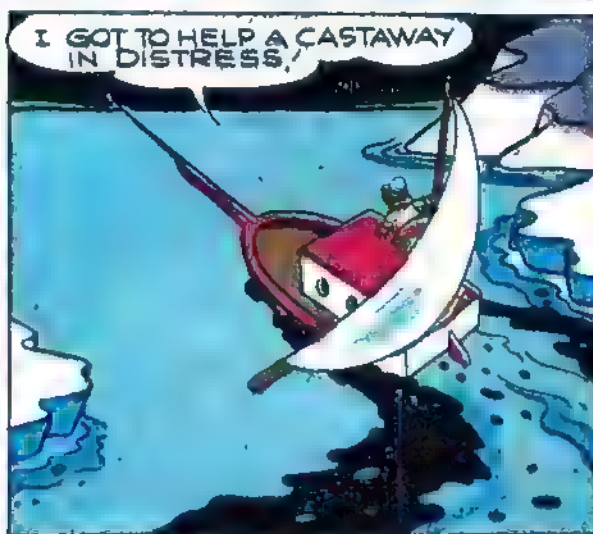
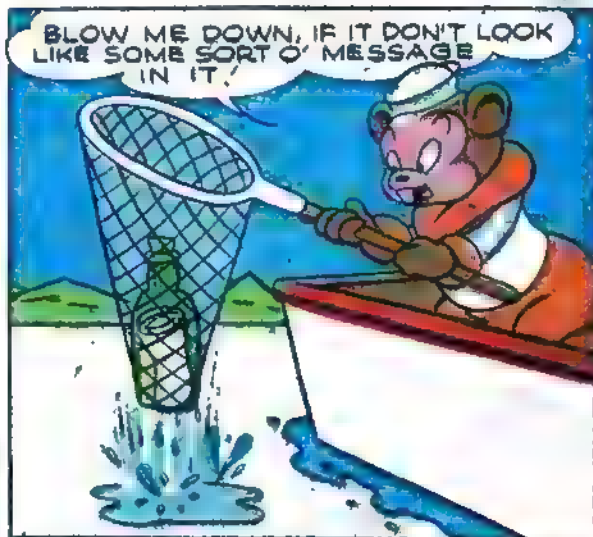
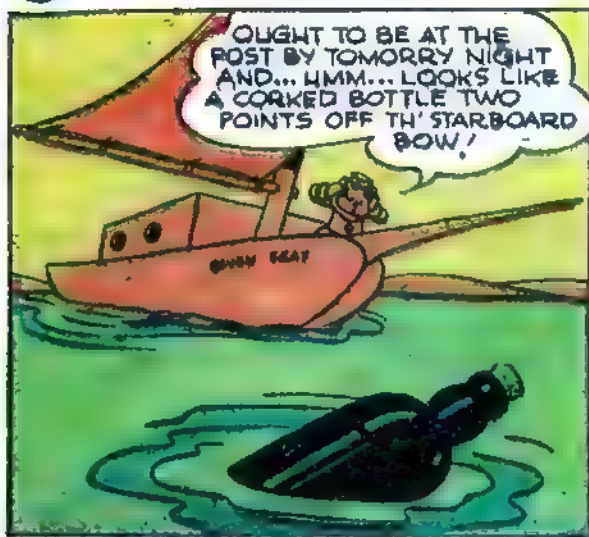
BOUND FOR A TRADIN' POST IN THE ARCTIC COUNTRY WITH A CARGO O' TINNED GOODS!

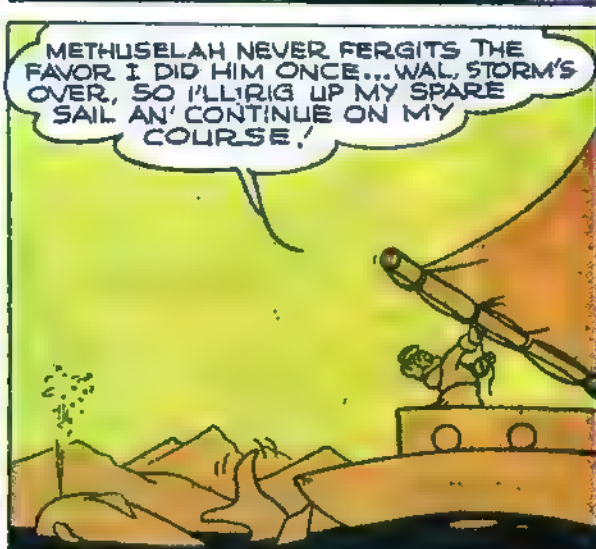
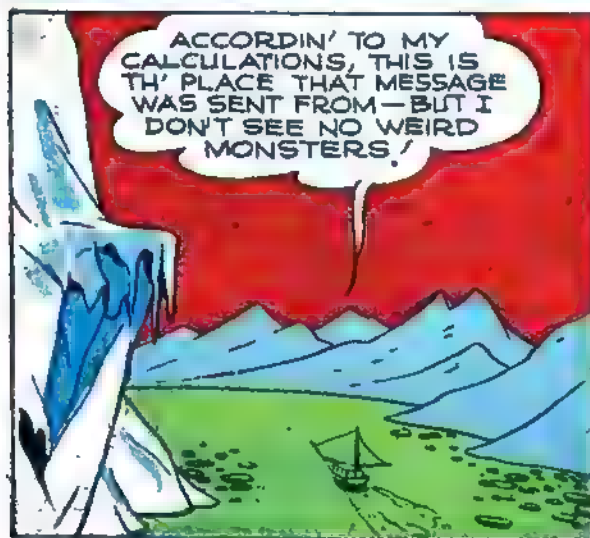
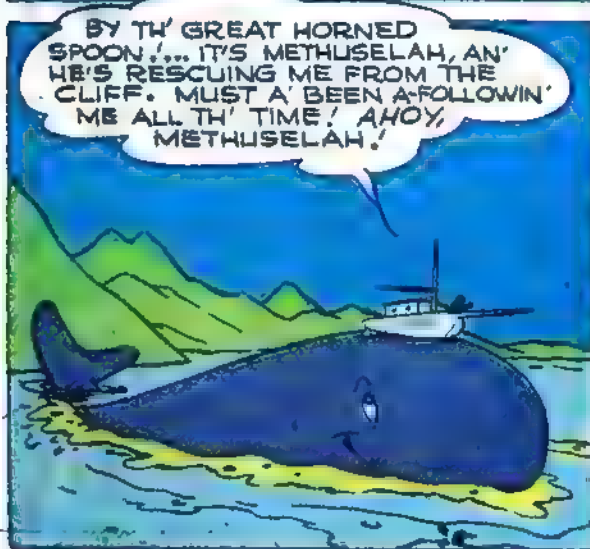
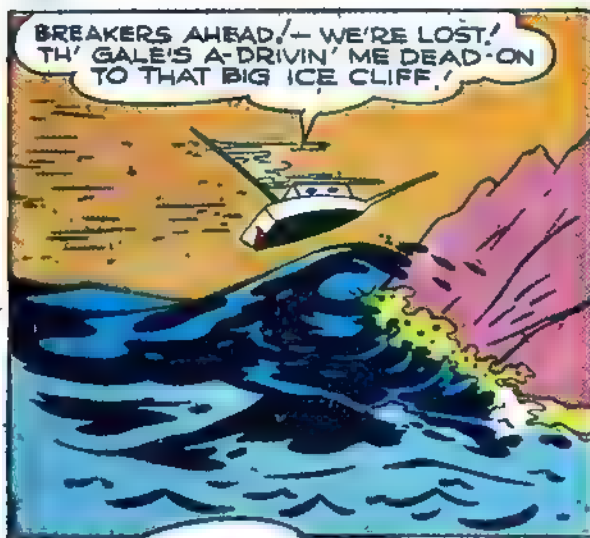
THE WIND HOLDS TRUE-AND DAYS LATER...

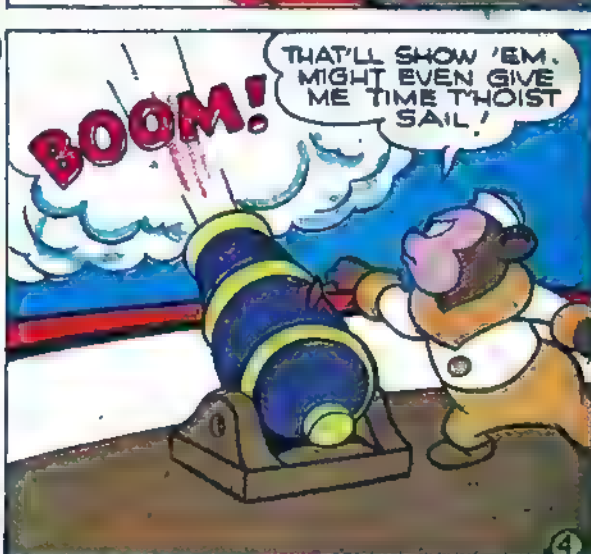
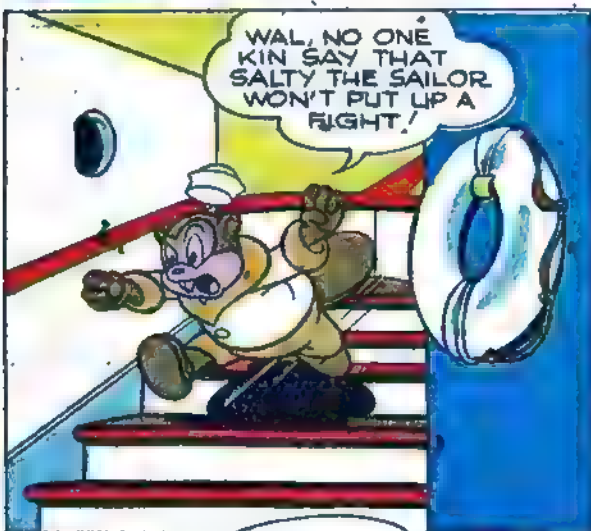
GLURG!

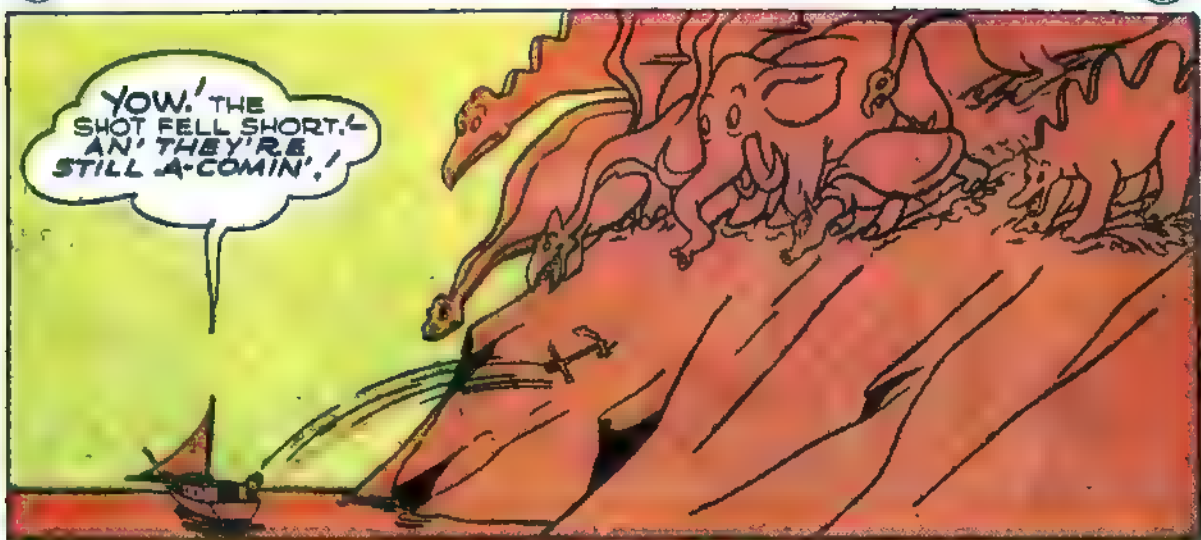
GETTIN' UP INTO NORTH WATERS- BR-R-R! RIGHT CHILLY... HI THAR, METHUSELAH, OL' FRIEND- HAVE A FISH!











WHY-WHY, THE BLASTED CRITTERS WAS MADE OF ICE!!

YES, MADE OF ICE, AND YOU'VE RUINED THEM! BUT IT'S WORTH IT TO BE RESCUED!

HUH!?!-WHO ARE YOU?

I'M A SCULPTOR. I CAMPED HERE TWO YEARS AGO TO MAKE SCULPTURES OF NATIVE LIFE. MY BOAT WENT ADRIFT, AND I NEEDED ALL THE DRIFTWOOD I COULD FIND FOR HEAT AND COOKING. COULDN'T SPARE ANY FOR A SIGNAL FIRE!

SO I SCULPTURED THESE HUGE ICE MONSTERS TO DRAW ATTENTION AND SENT OUT MESSAGES IN BOTTLES. MY TENTS UP ON THE PLATEAU.

YE SHOULDN'T A MADE THEM ICE MONSTERS! THEY KEPT SAILORS AWAY. THAT IS, ALL BUT ME!

I GOT TO DELIVER A CARGO TO A TRADING POST. THEN WE'LL HEAD SOUTH... AHoy THAR, METHUSELAH!

FRIEND OF YOURS?

GLURK!

YEP. IF IT T'WARN'T FER OL' METHUSELAH, I'D A BEEN SHIPWRECKED AN' SHARING THET ISLAND WITH YE RIGHT NOW!

HUGO HORNSPREED

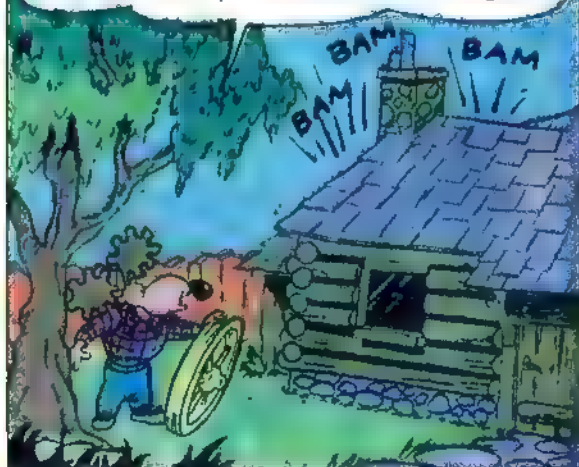
WHEN HUSKY HUGO HORNSPREED FALLS AFOUL OF A RASCALLY WRECKING CREW, THINGS LOOK PRETTY BAD--UNTIL HUGO GETS HIS DANDER UP AND THEY REALIZE THEIR BIG MISTAKE IN PITTING THEIR WITS AGAINST... **MOUNTAIN MUSCLE!**

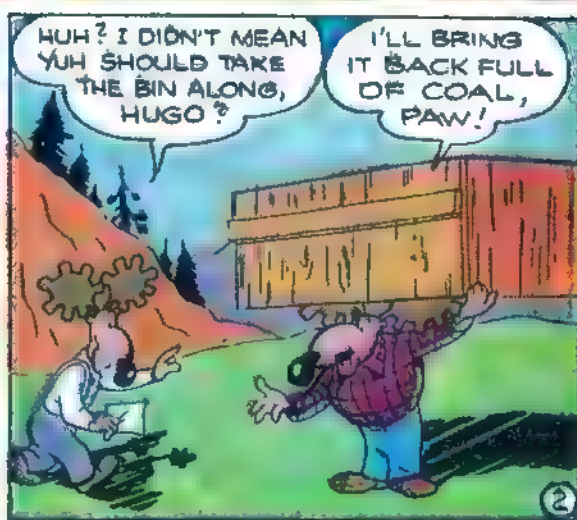
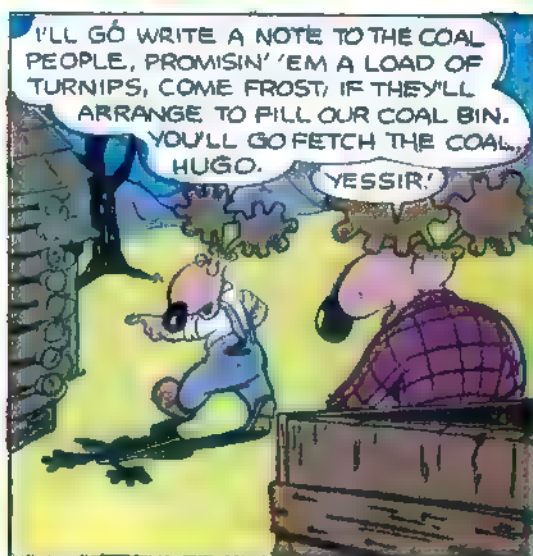
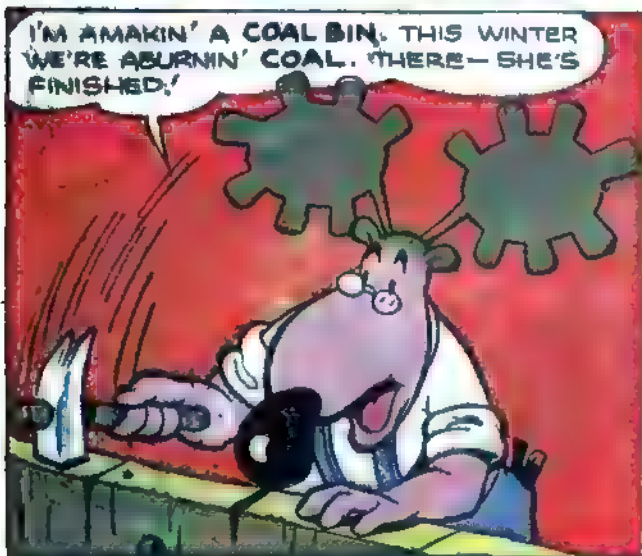
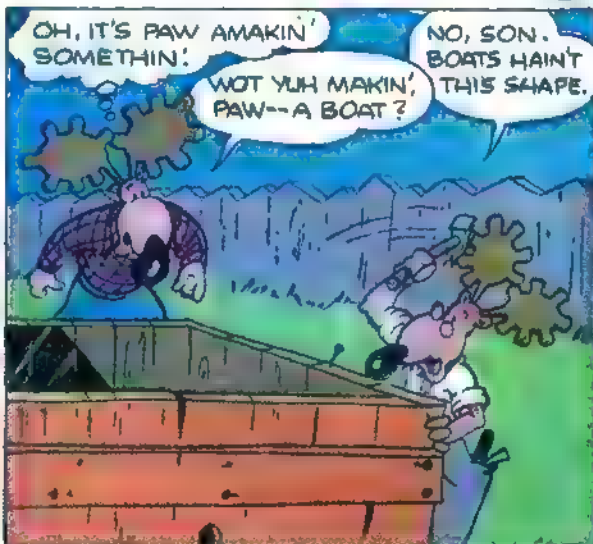


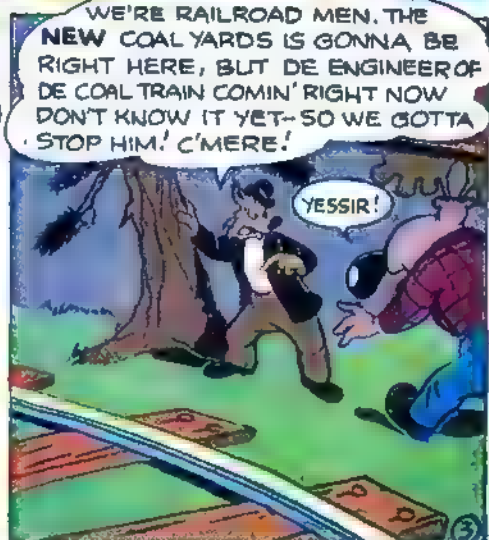
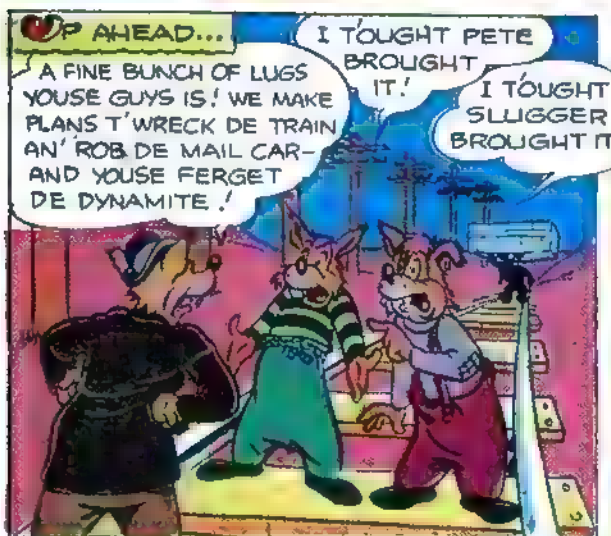
WISH'T THERE WAS SOMETHIN' T DO -
CAIN'T JES KEEP PLAYIN' ROUNDY-ROUND
WITH A WAGON-WHEEL ALL DAY.

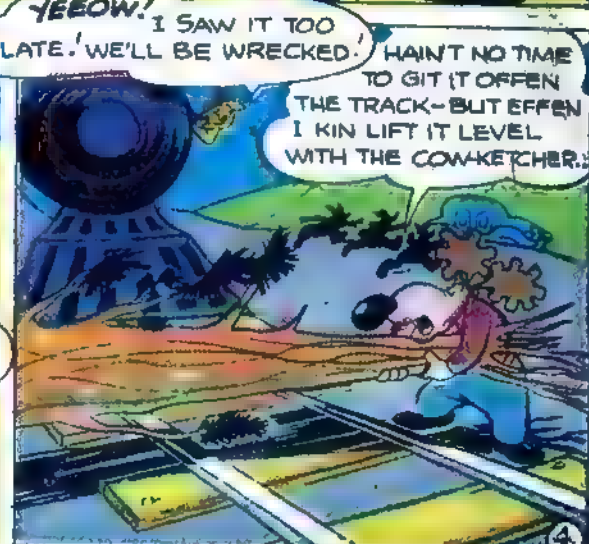
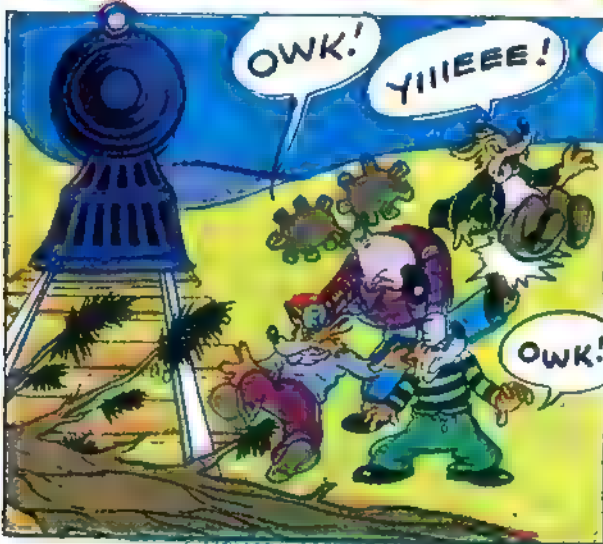
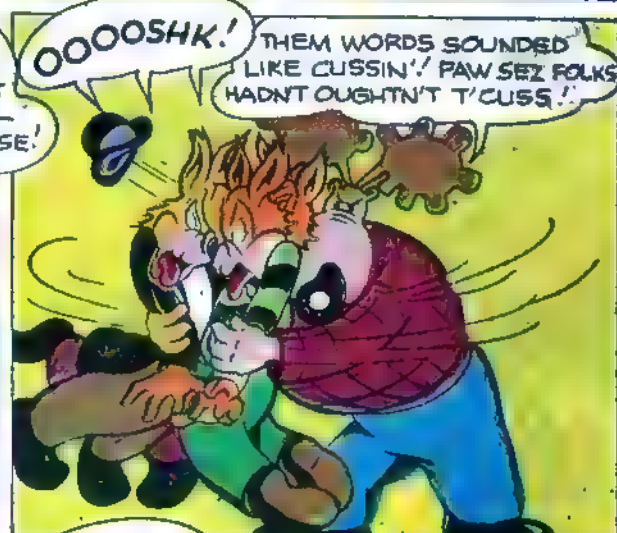
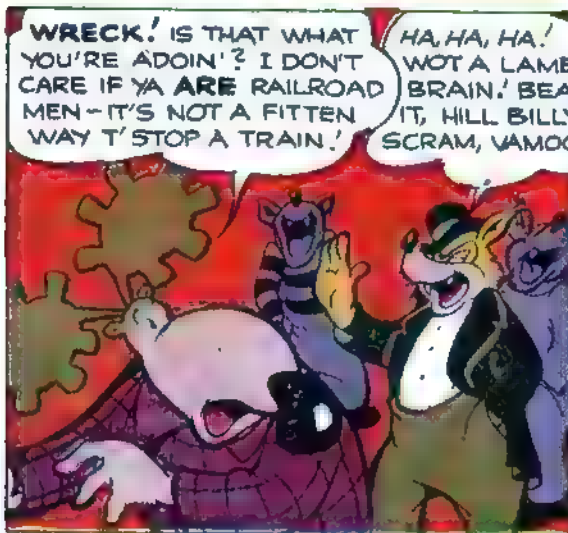
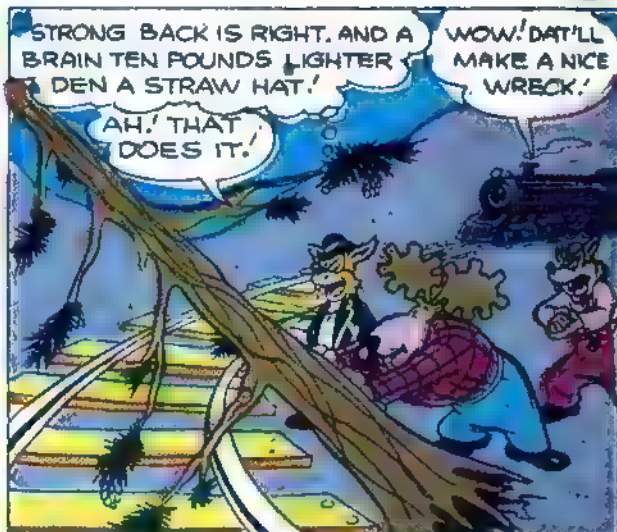


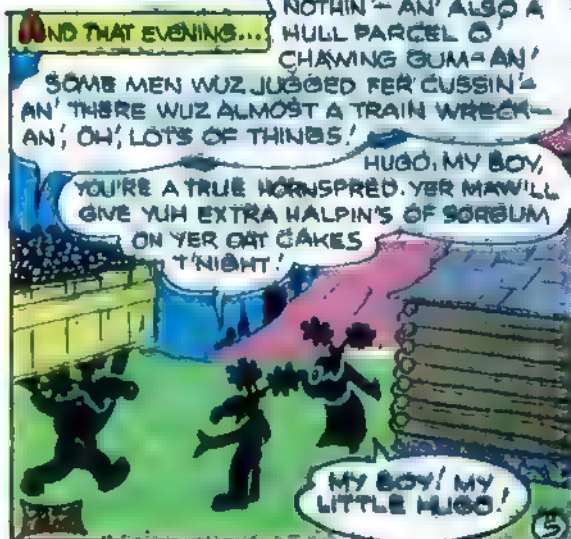
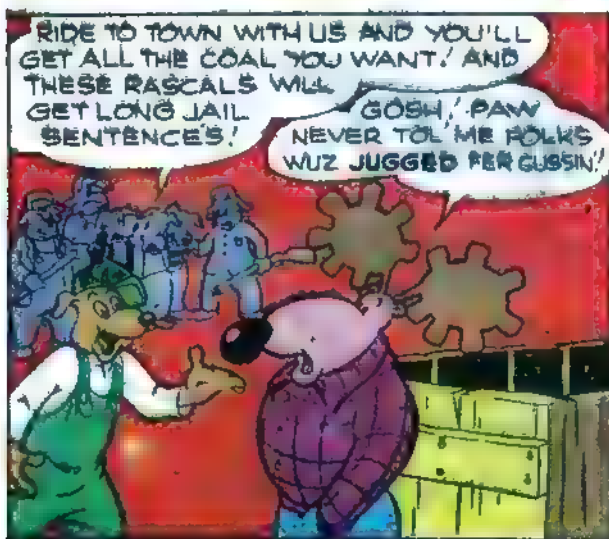
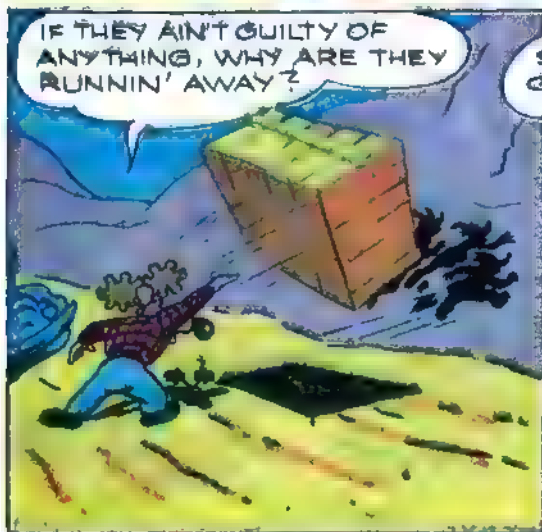
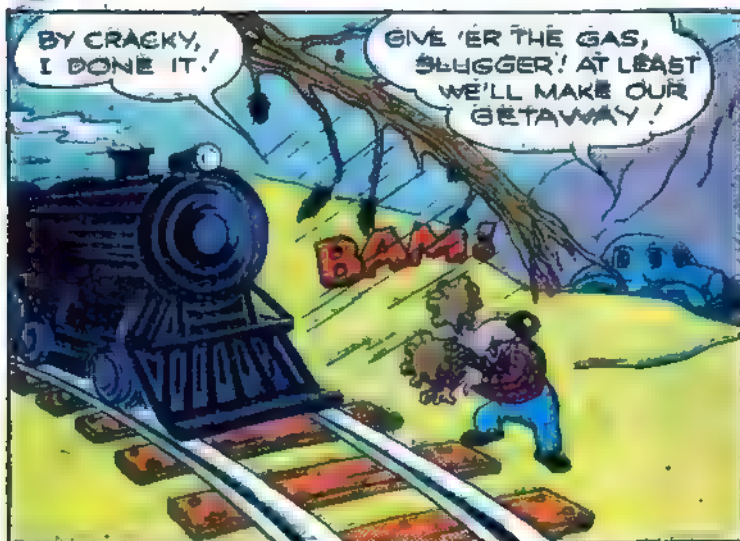
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY HAMMERIN'!













LOOK! TWO NEW SERIES

OF THRILLING
HOT-IRON TRANSFERS

WILD ANIMALS
IN ACTION!

DOGS!

One as a **PRIZE** in every package
of Kellogg's **SHREDDED WHEAT**!

HHEY, kids! Here are thrills galore! Exciting new hot-iron transfers! Think of the fun you'll have, showing the rest of the kids these swell prizes!

Cover your sport shirt or jacket with transfers of charging elephants, skulking tigers, springing lions—with pictures of popular breeds of dogs! The pictures transfer clean and sharp. They're long-lasting; will stand laundering.

Get 'Em As Prizes!

You don't have to send in a thing to get these keen transfers!

There's one in every package of Kellogg's Shredded Wheat. And watch your family go through a package of this delicious breakfast cereal! It won't take long to get a full collection of these great new hot-iron transfers!

Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is a swell food for energy. Helps build strong bodies! Tell Mom that those crisp, crunchy biscuits are as good for you as they are to eat. Ask her to buy Kellogg's Shredded Wheat next time she shops. Start collecting these two new series of thrilling hot-iron transfers right away!



NOTE: All transfers are much larger than shown on this page. Actual trim size is 2 3/4" by 6 1/4"



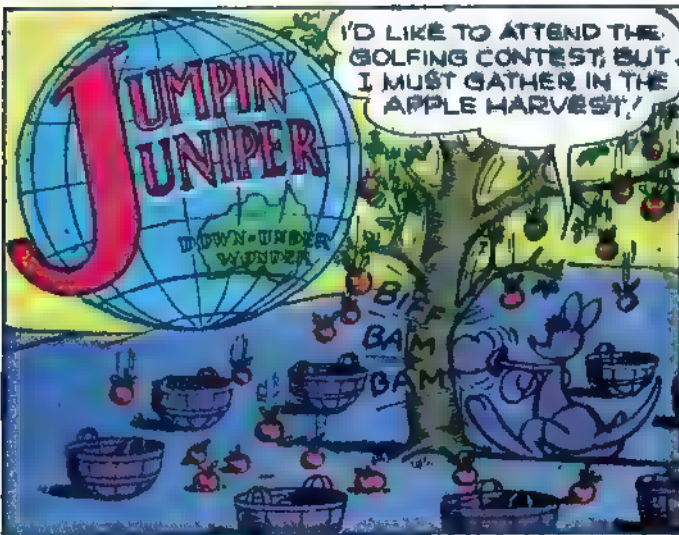
NOTHING TO MAIL OR
SEND IN! GET ONE AS A

PRIZE
IN EVERY
PACKAGE!

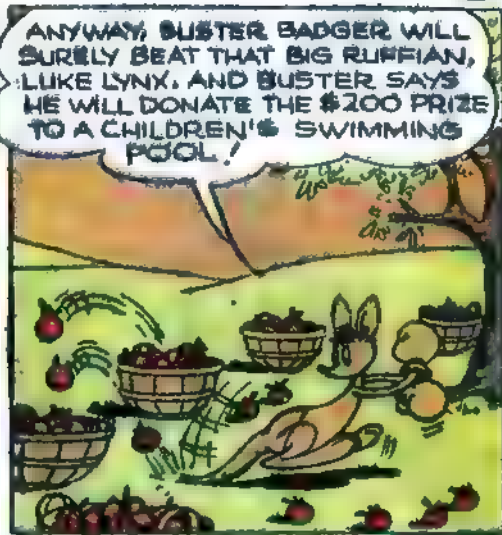


Start Collecting Now!

Trade Duplicates With The Other Kids!



I'D LIKE TO ATTEND THE GOLFING CONTEST, BUT I MUST GATHER IN THE APPLE HARVEST!



ANYWAY, BUSTER BADGER WILL SURELY BEAT THAT BIG RUFFIAN, LUKE LYNX, AND BUSTER SAYS HE WILL DONATE THE \$200 PRIZE TO A CHILDREN'S SWIMMING POOL!



SHAME - WHAT A PITY - SHAME!

WHY - WHAT'S THAT COMMOTION? I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK!



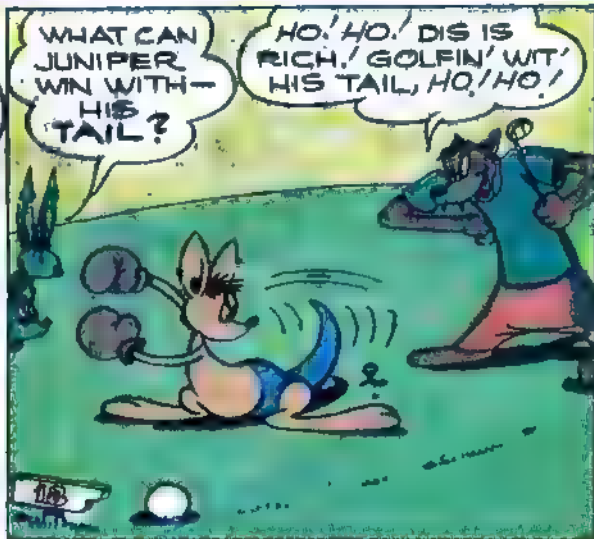
THE SCORE'S A TIE, AND THIS IS THE LAST HOLE - BUT LUKE LYNX BROKE ALL OF BUSTER BADGER'S BEST CLUBS, AND BUSTER CAN'T WIN WITH BORROWED CLUBS.

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT - HA! HA!



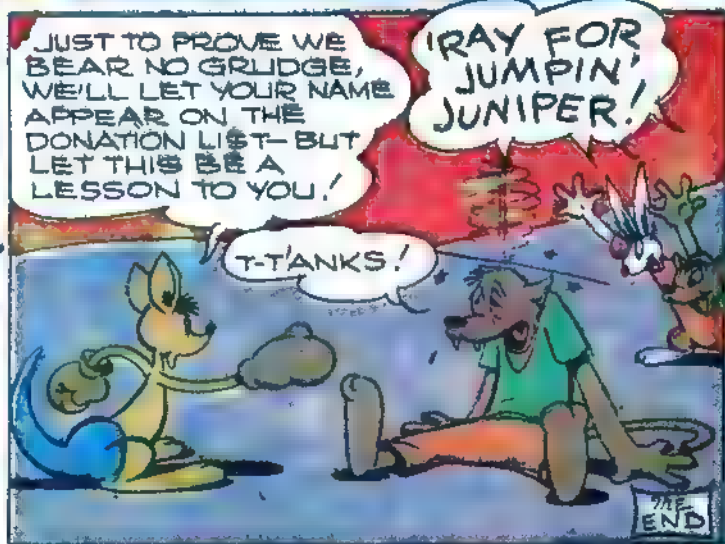
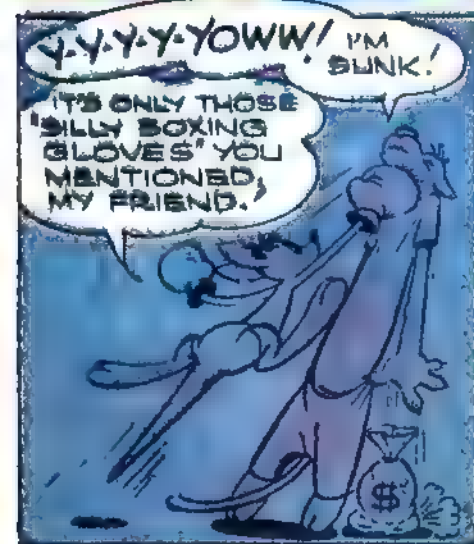
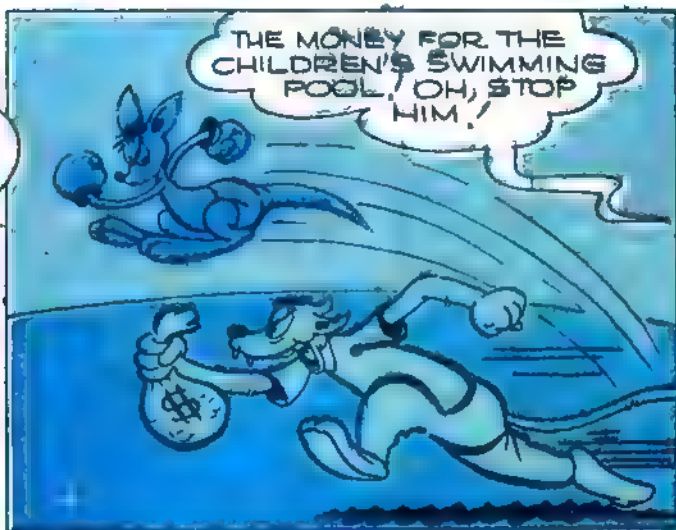
WOULD YOU MIND IF I TAKE BUSTER BADGER'S PLACE FOR THE LAST HOLE?

HA! HA! GO AHEAD, YUH CAN'T WIN PER HIM, WEARIN' DEM SILLY BOXIN' GLOVES!



WHAT CAN JUNIPER WIN WITH - HIS TAIL?

HO! HO! DIS IS RICH! GOLFIN' WIT' HIS TAIL, HO! HO!



SPYLOT BONES



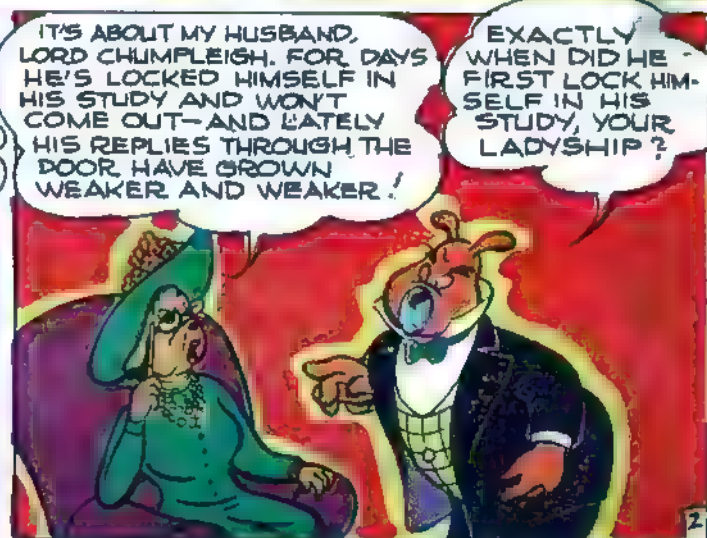
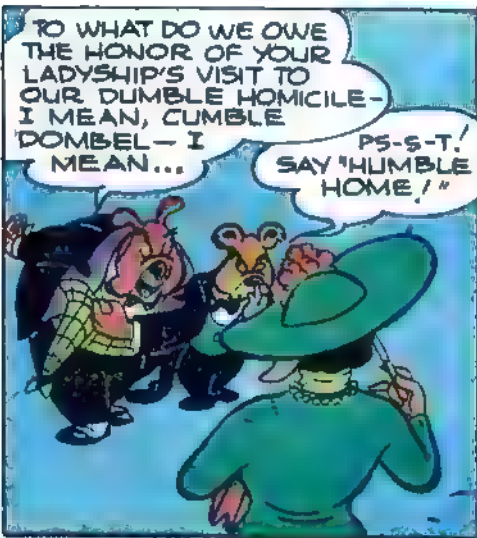
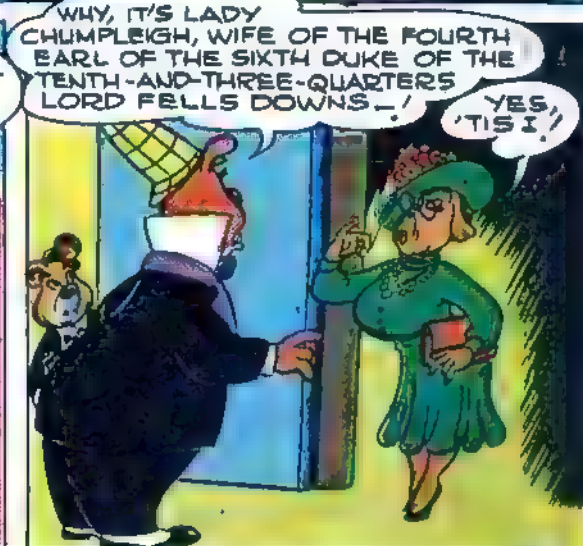
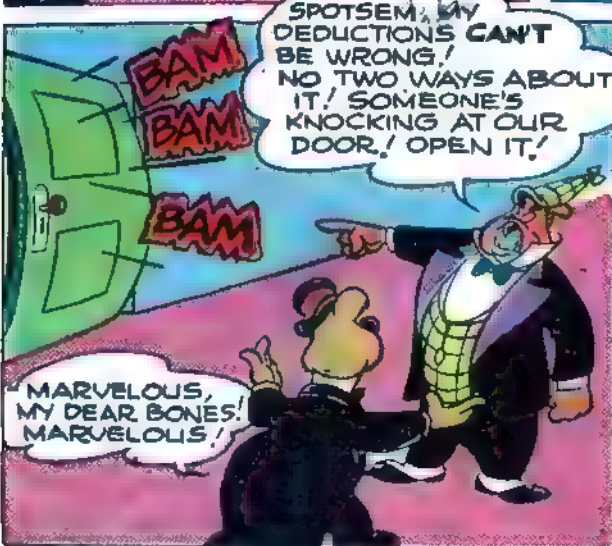
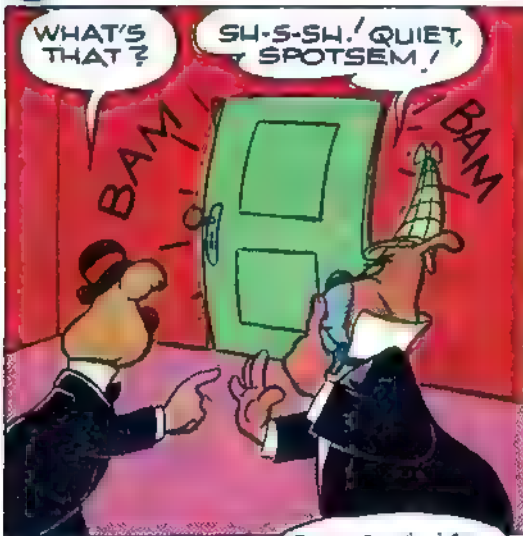
WHEN SPYLOT BONES, LONDON'S DEMON DETECTIVE OF FAKER STREET, AND HIS ASSOCIATE, DR. SPOTSEM, SEEK TO SOLVE THE SINISTER CIRCUMSTANCES OF LORD CHUMPLEIGH'S SELF-IMPRISONMENT, THE CASE ERUPTS INTO FEVERISH ACTION AND PRODUCES...
SOOTY BOOTY!

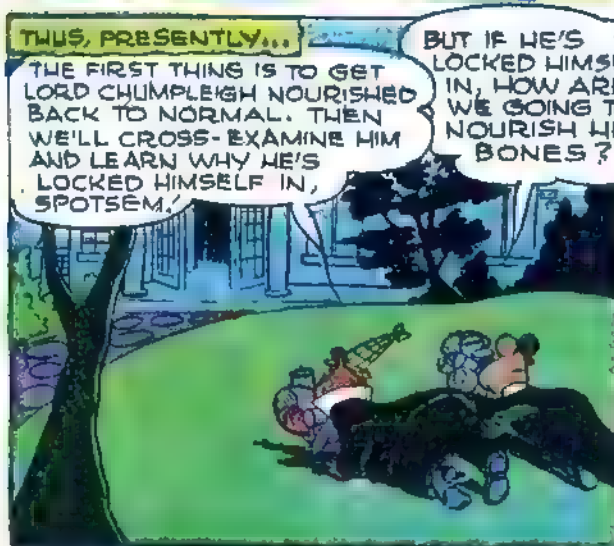
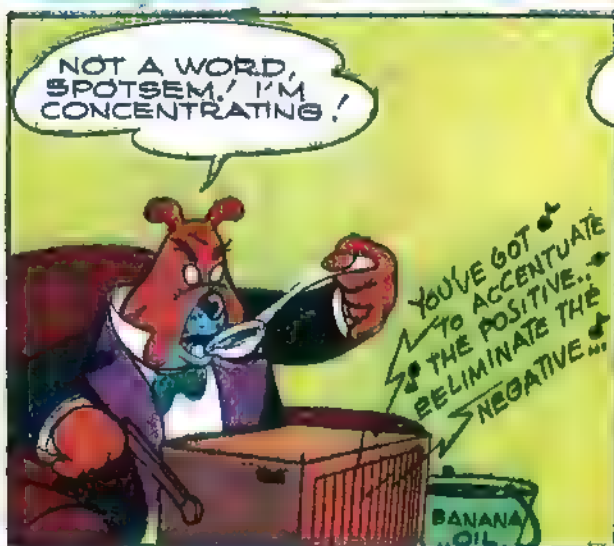
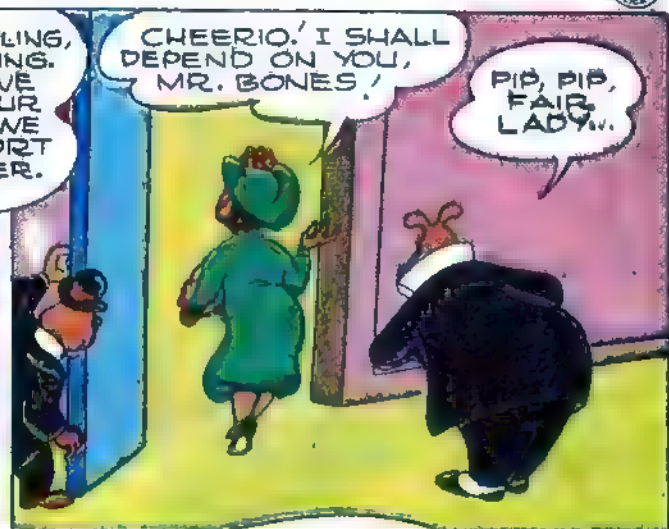
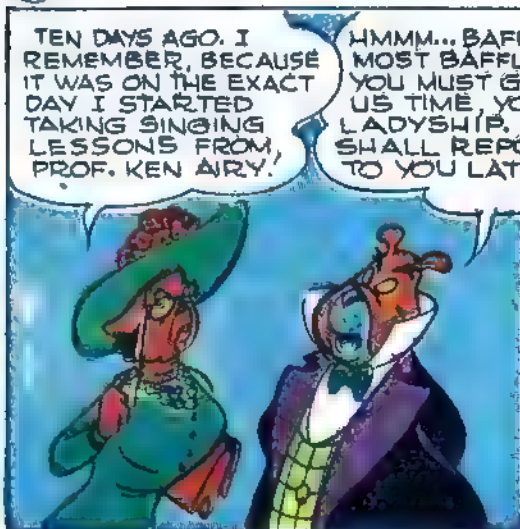
YOU KNOW, BONES, IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE WE HAD A CASE.

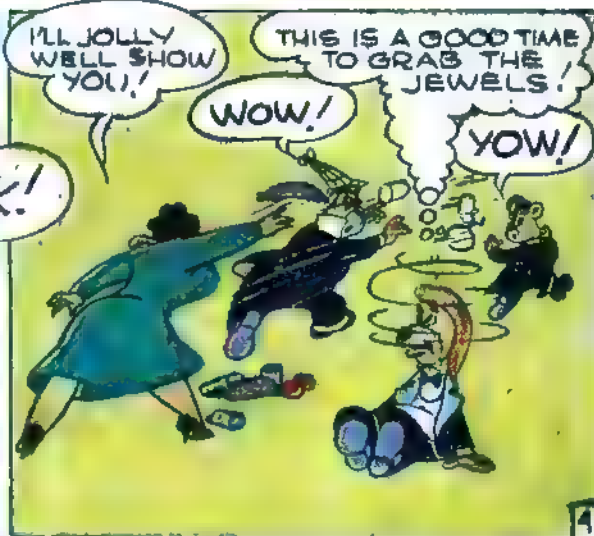
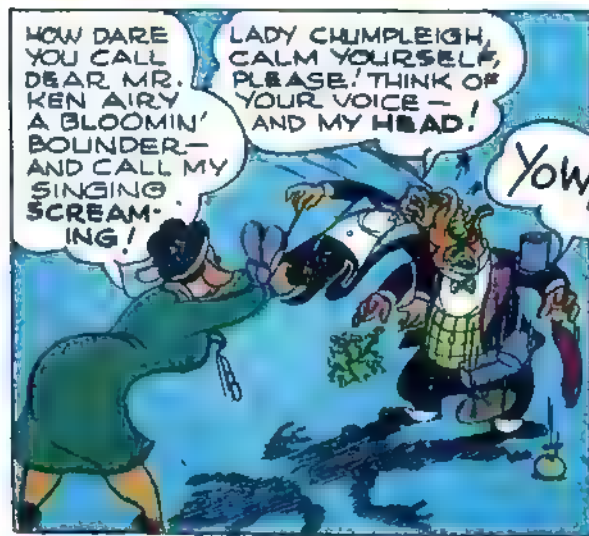
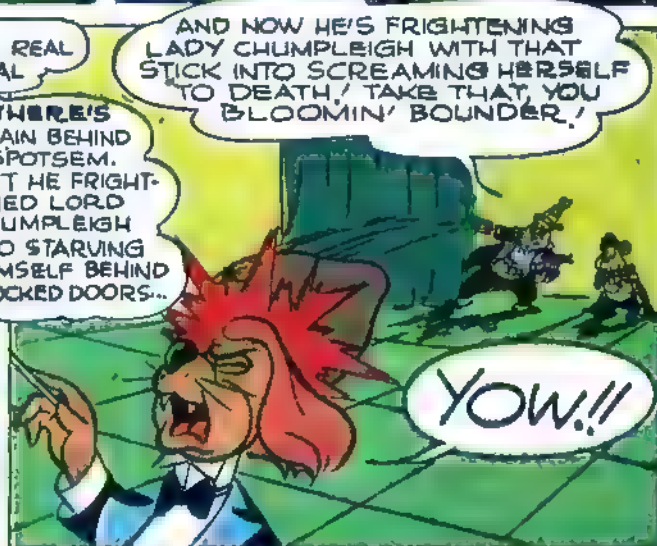
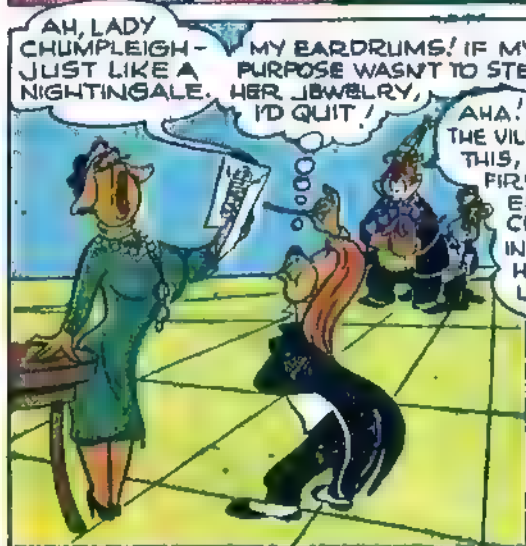
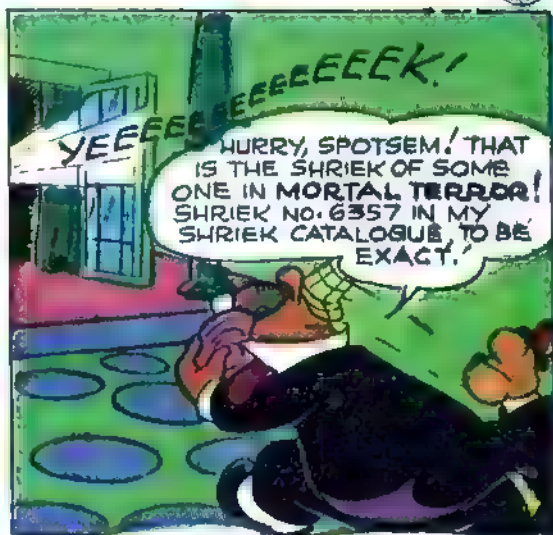
QUIET, SPOTSEM, I'M THINKING!

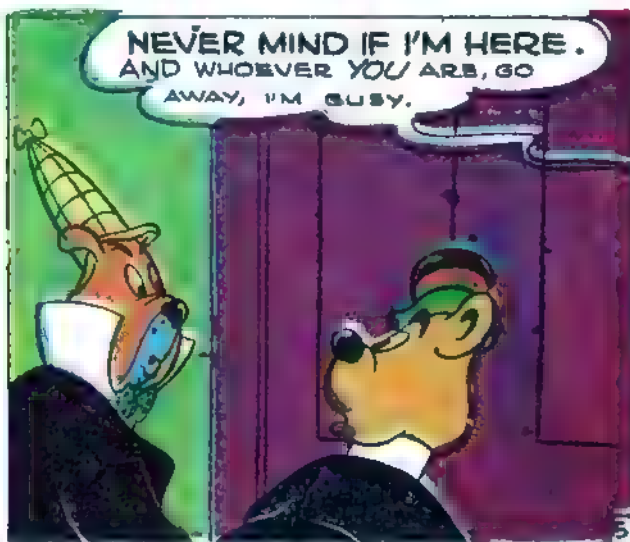
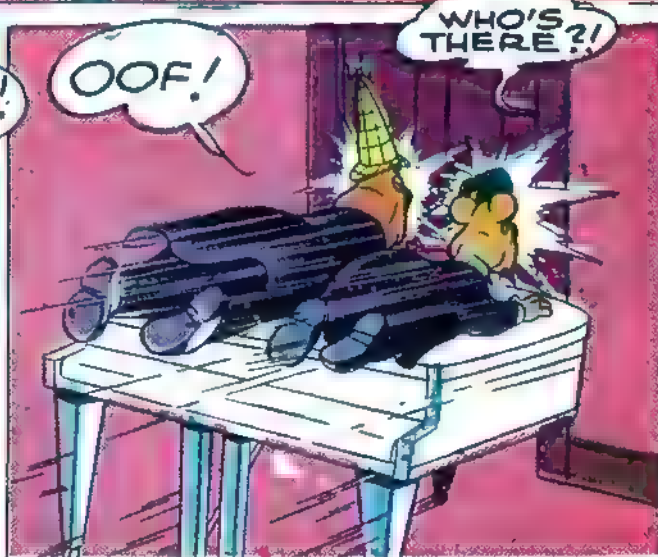
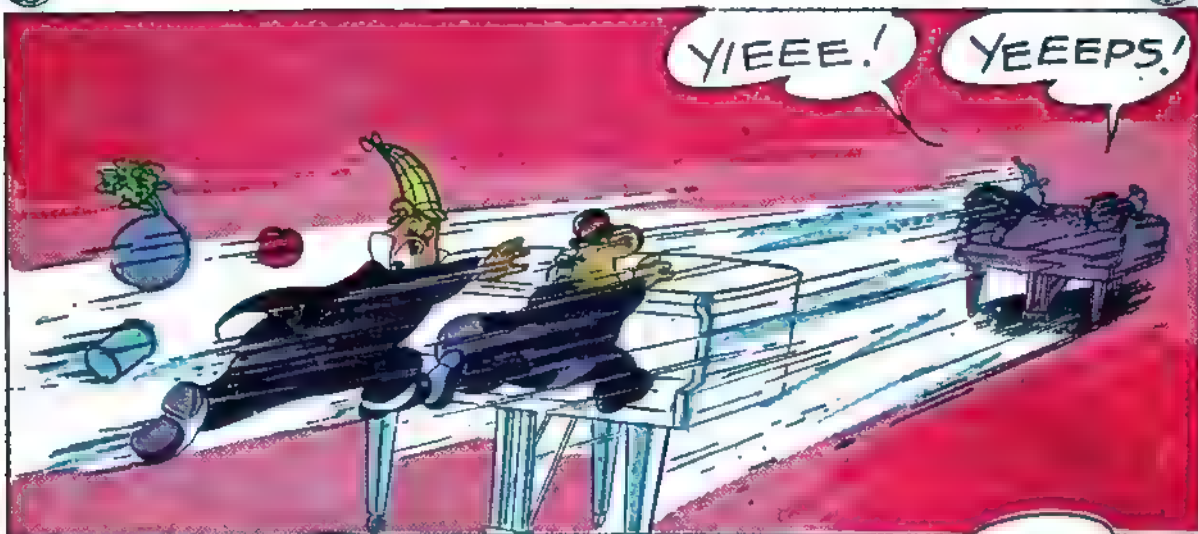
DO YOU KNOW, MY DEAR SPOTSEM, IT'S BEEN A WEEK SINCE WE HAD A CASE?

I THINK I SAID THAT BEFORE, BONES...









THAT'S FINAL - NOW GO!

SPOTSEM! - LADY CHUMPLEIGH WAS RIGHT - THE VOICE GETS FEEBLER AND FEEBLER! WHAT'S THE MYSTERY BEHIND THIS?

ONE GOOD WAY TO FIND OUT, BONES, WOULD BE TO BREAK THE DOOR DOWN AND... LOOK! THE PIANO JARRED IT LOOSE. IT'S OPENING!

HE'S GONE! AND THERE'S NO OTHER DOOR!

I SAY, THIS IS A BLINKIN' MYSTERY - THE WINDOW'S FASTENED ON THE INSIDE! HE COULDN'T HAVE LEFT THAT WAY, EITHER?

JUST WAIT TILL I LAY HANDS ON THOSE DETECTIVES! - JUST WAIT!

WHAT! I SAY!

SPOTSEM, SHE'S AFTER US AGAIN. WHAT'LL WE DO?

UP THE FIREPLACE, OLD THING - UP THE BALLY FIREPLACE! THERE'S A LADDER HUNG IN IT.

COME ON, BONES! THIS IS NO TIME FOR INDECISION!

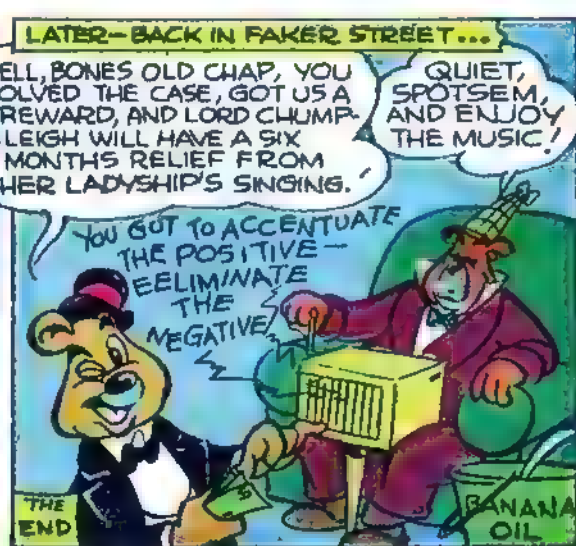
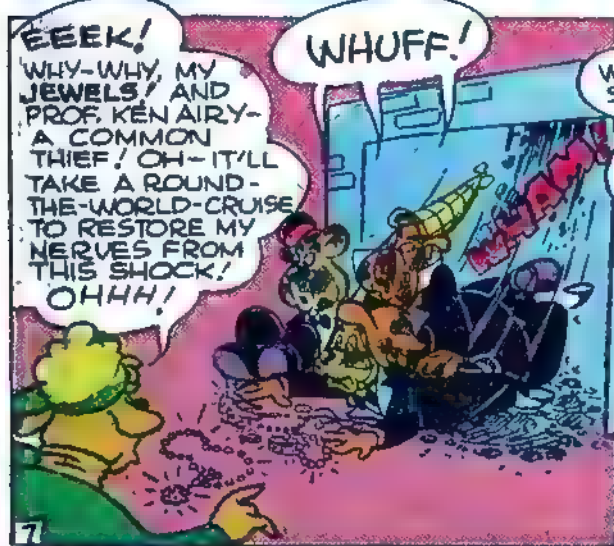
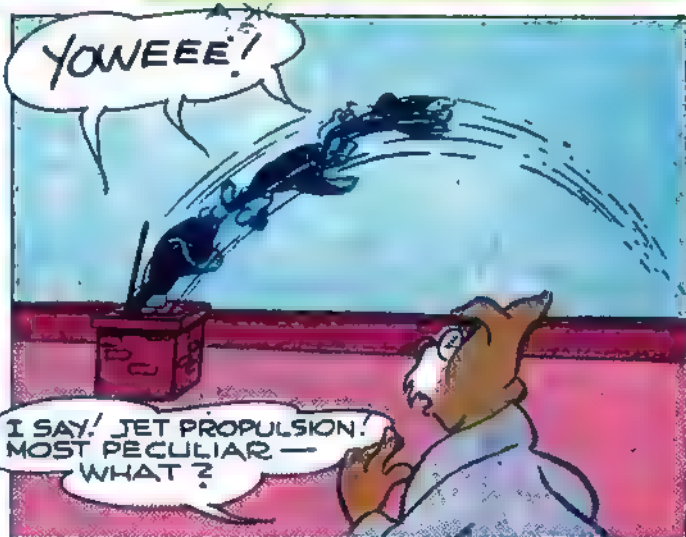
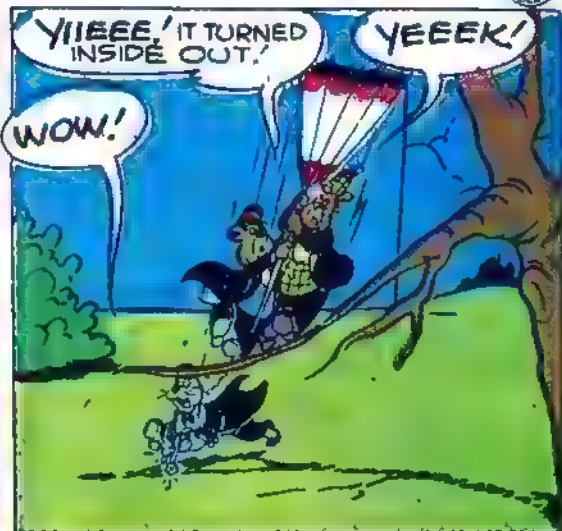
LORD CHUMPLEIGH! SO IT IS YOU!

CERTAINLY, OLD BEANS. HER LADYSHIP'S - ER - DELIGHTFUL SINGING DROVE ME TO HANGING A LADDER IN THE FIREPLACE AND OUTFITTING THE ROOF WITH COMFORTS AND FOOD. I DECIDED TO RESCUE YOU.

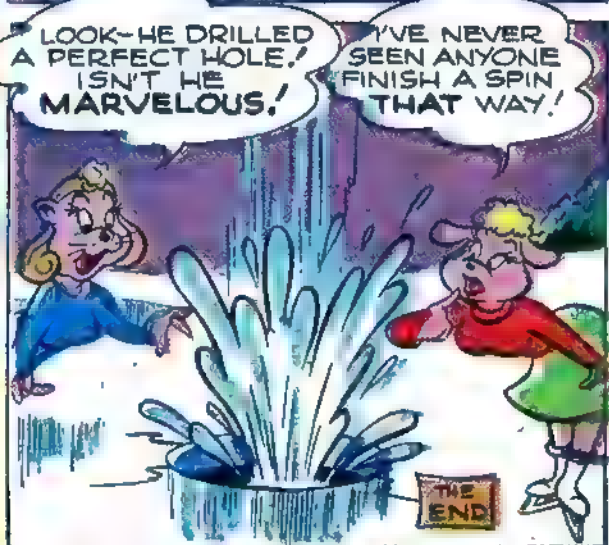
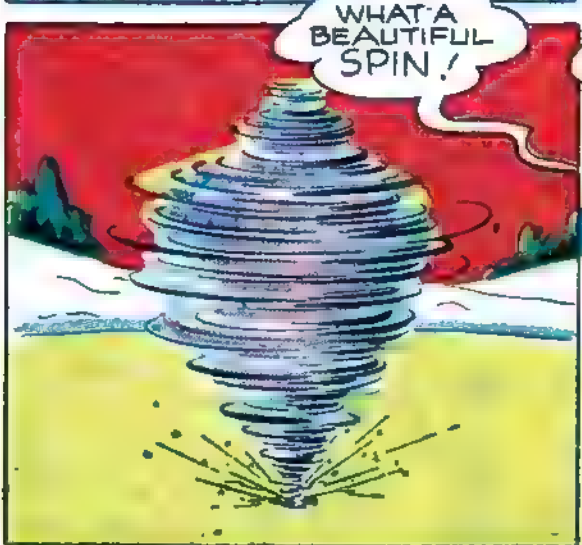
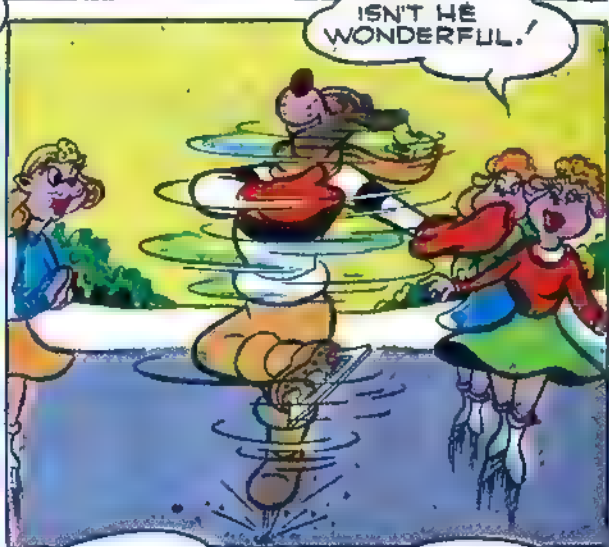
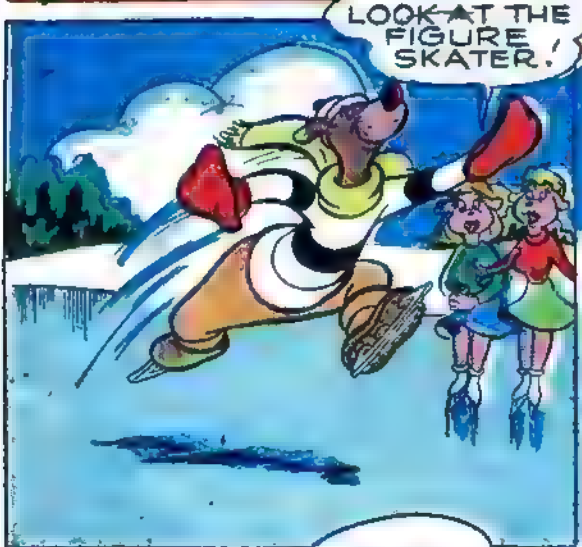
YOUR VOICE GOT WEAKER - SOUNDING AS YOU CLIMBED THE LADDER IN THE FIREPLACE - ER? WE THOUGHT YOU WERE STARVING!

BOGH! BEEN HAVIN' A GRAND TIME - KEPT TABS ON THE GROUNDS AND COMMUNITY DOINGS FROM UP HERE. MAN CAN'T LEAVE HIS CASTLE Y'KNOW!

STRIKE ME PINK! THERE'S KEN AIRY WITH AN ARMOUL OF JEWELS!



The Show Off



THE END



PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE
by JESSE MERLAN •

HOW PORCUPINES GOT TO BE PIN-CUSHIONS

IT was the hottest part of the forest day, also the quietest. Even the slight breeze made hardly a sound as it gently twisted and turned the green tree leaves. Down in the gooey mud of the coolest and deepest water-pool, the big hippos were too lazy even to grunt. The deer were silent in their grass hideaways, no birds dared disturb the heavy heat with song and hundreds of busy, honey-hunting bees made a sleepy humming with their wings as they poised before the drowsily nodding flowers. The forest world was peacefully enjoying a noonday doze.

But suddenly, the air was torn by a long yelping and yowling and screaming and barking. YowWowArrYiiOOh!! What a racket! It ripped the quiet day to shreds, and in just three seconds all the forest folk were wide awake.

Georgie Giraffe lifted his head from a tree branch twelve feet in the air. (Georgie had rested it there for a little standing-up nap.) "Sounds like a fox. And is he in trouble!"

It was a fox. And in plenty

of trouble, too. For just then the screams and yells came closer and closer and a small red-brown fox burst through the bushes, yowling as he ran.

From high up on his private limb in his favorite tree, Patrick Parrot looked down and couldn't believe his eyes. "Aworkk!" he grunted. "Shure begorra and it's the first time I'm after ever seein' a fox wearin' a beard for a disguise!"

It was true. The yelping fox ran around in tight circles under Pat's tree. And that fox seemed to be wearing a full, bristly, stiff beard. The hairs were long and sharp and they were silver in color. The young fox was wearing someone's old beard.

But just then old and wily Philo Fox slid silently from a grassy forest path and started chasing after the younger and smaller fox. "Wait, Phil!" he yelled. "I'll help you. Just hold still till I can pull them out! You fool, I've often warned you not to go fooling with Peter P!"

And then Patrick Parrot understood, and gave a loud and long shout of screeching laugh-

ter. "Hohohaha! That silly fox has tried to take a bite out of Peter, and got a snoot-full of sharp trouble for his pains! Hohoho." Pat rocked with mirth. (He doesn't like foxes.)

So that was it! Young Phil Fox had attacked Peter Porcupine, and now Pete's sharp silver quills were stuck all over the fox's face.

With one last bound, Philo Fox caught his cousin Phil and threw him on his back. And as the forest folk began to walk and crawl and fly toward Pat Parrot's tree, Philo began to work with a pair of tweezers.

Yank! And the small red fox screamed in pain. Pull! And another sharp quill was removed by Philo Fox. "Oh, you young saphead! To go sticking your face into the best-protected fellow in the forest!" Zip! And out came two stickers.

Pat was enjoying the beauty-pain treatment Philo was giving his cousin fox. "Hohoho," he roared. "Attacking a porcupine isn't like chasing a nice soft chicken, is it, Foxy?" (Pat always reminded foxes about their bad habit of rooster-chas-

ing.) "That'll teach you a lesson!"

The two foxes, the porcupine bearded one and the tweezing and pulling Philo, looked up at Pat in silence. By this time, after Phil had lost half his beard, everybody in the woods was standing around and watching.

"Say, folks," squawked Pat, "that reminds me of how porcupines got to be so stuck-up with their quills. Want to hear that story?"

"Of course we do," said a pert little squirrel. "You know we're all here under your tree and that usually means a story. And besides, you're always eager to tell one. Even if we try to stop you." (Pat sure has a great talking reputation. Gab, gab, gab and more talk. But fun to listen to when he starts stretching the truth.)

"What about porcupines?" rumbled a two-ton hippo. "I thought they were always sharp-quilled, even way back in history."

Pat snorted once and started in. "No, sir! Porcupines were, not always equipped for defense! Way back in the long ages Billions of years ago, a porcupine had as smooth a coat as any rabbit."

"And that's awfully smooth and soft," piped up a long-eared bunny. "My coat is so . . ."



"That'll be enough out of you, Bun!" interrupted Pat. "Who's telling this story anyway?"

"And besides," Patrick continued after his audience was still again, "this porcupine-ancestor's coat was longer and silkier than yours. As a matter of fact, porcupines used to have to get hair-cuts quite often, their hair grew so fast and long."

"But just imagine a black and scary night three skillion years ago. Lions and foxes and prowling and roaring meat-eaters were all over the place. Tigers with teeth a foot long and wolves as big as today's lions . . . and all of them hungry enough to gobble up 63 little porcupines as just an appetizer. That was a cruel, savage world of run-before-you're-eaten."

"Well, Porcupine - Ancestor couldn't run fast, his legs were so short. (As they are today.) But this ancestor went out that night after hiding safely all day. All he wanted was a banana skin or a dropped apple or something. Quietly, he started to hunt for food."

"When suddenly a great lion's roar throbbed through the night. The rumbling raised the hair on that porcupine's back. Raised it with fright."

"Then a tiger screamed. (The ancestor-tiger who had those sword-like teeth.) And the timid and helpless porcupine quivered in fear."

"And added to all this fright, a fox-ancestor came running at porcupine-ancestor. The fox's idea was dinner and that porcupine was IT."

"Well, these three HAIR-RAISING scares all at once were too much for the poor porcupine! And they sure were



Hair-RAISING, all right. And the little fellow was scared stiff. Simply STIFF.

"And that's what saved him. Because his long hair became so stiff that it acted like hundreds of little swords. And when that ancestor-fox tried to bite the ancestor-porcupine — why, all he got was a face full of stick-ers."

"And porcupines have used that pin-cushion trick ever since. And that's the story."

At the base of Pat's tree, the de-bearding of the young fox was finished. And as everyone turned to wander away for the afternoon meal, a squeaky little voice came from a small bush nearby.

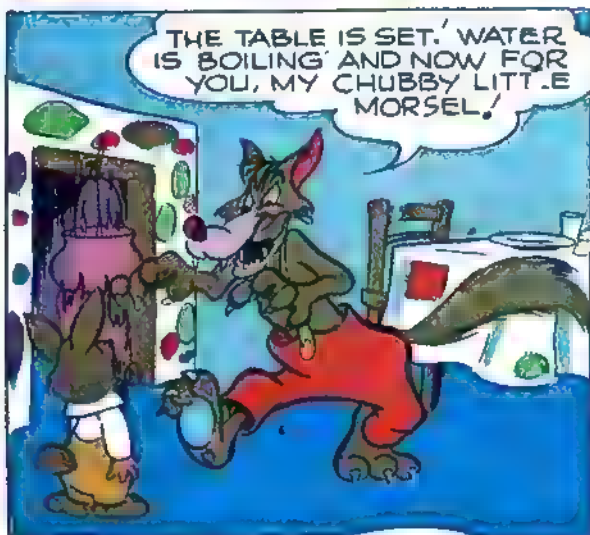
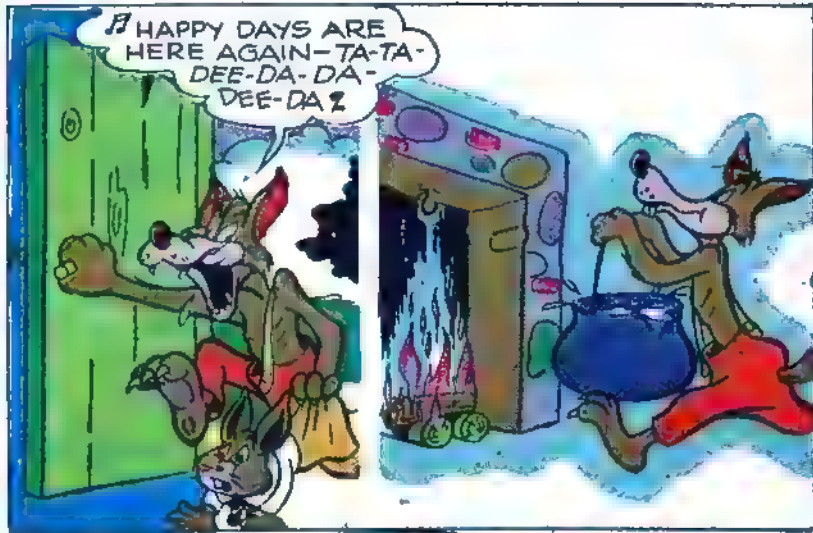
"That may be the truth, Pat." All the forest folk turned to look as Peter Porcupine walked out toward the two foxes.

"Anyhow," continued the bright-eyed porcupine as he shook and rattled his sharp armor of hundreds of quills, "that's the story . . . and that fox there got stuck with it!"

"Hoho!" roared Pat, "I'll say he got STUCK! And so will anyone who's silly enough to try to eat a nice, peace-loving fellow like you."

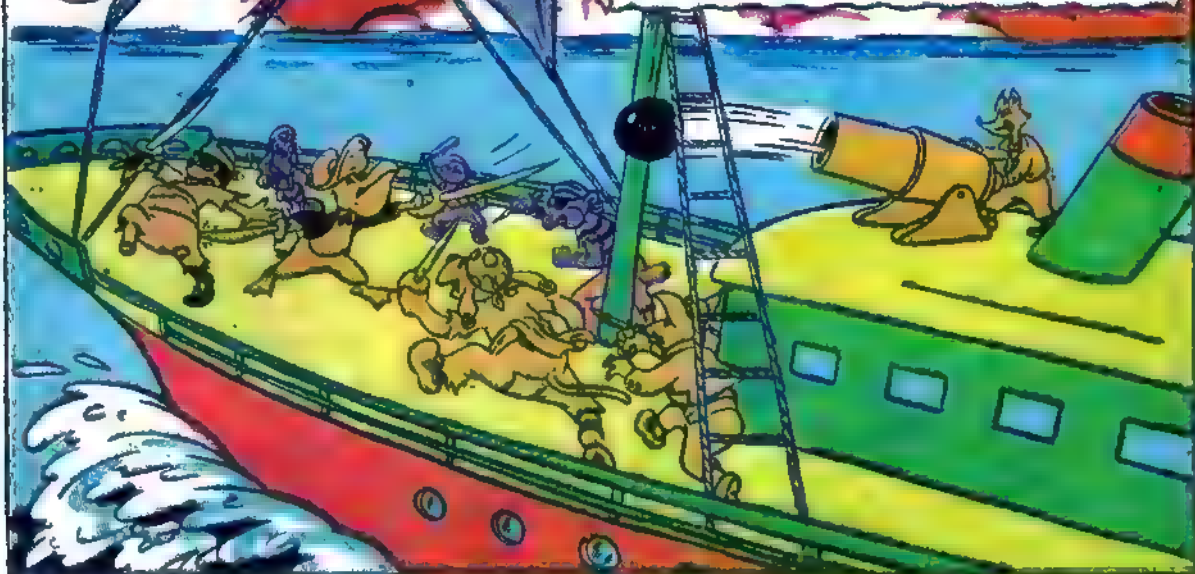
The two foxes just slunk away, leaving Pin-Cushion Peter Porcupine the victor.

THE HUNGRY WOLF



PELICAN PETE

PIRATES AND SWORDS AND GOLD,
JUST AS IN DAYS OF OLD. YO-HO-
HO AND A BARREL OF FUN,
FOR WHEN POUCH-PACKING PETE,
THAT RESTLESS ROAMER OF THE
SKIES, GOES SEARCHING FOR GAGS
AND GANGSTERS, IT ISN'T LONG
BEFORE HE STARTS...
"POPPING THE PIRATES!"

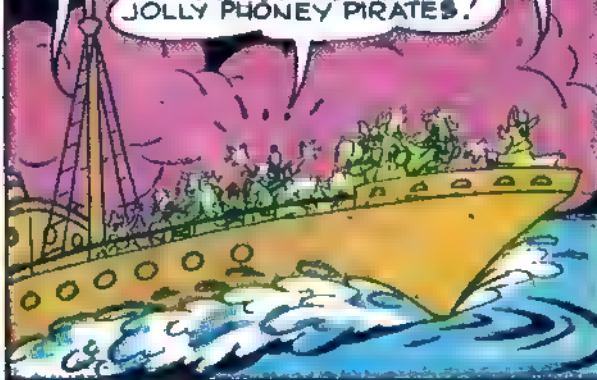


AS A PLEASURE SHIP BOUNDS OVER THE
BOUNDLESS BLUE, A MASQUERADE BALL
IS IN FULL SWING.

LET'S WHIRL,
GIRL!

YIPPEE! START
THE JOY-WORKS!

MURRAH FOR THE
JOLLY PHONEY PIRATES!



HIGH IN THE CLOUDS, PELICAN PETE
LOOKS DOWN AND MISUNDERSTANDS!
MOTTO: DON'T ALWAYS BELIEVE WHAT
YOU SEE.

PIRATES! I'LL
FIGHT- AND EITHER
WIN OR DIE!



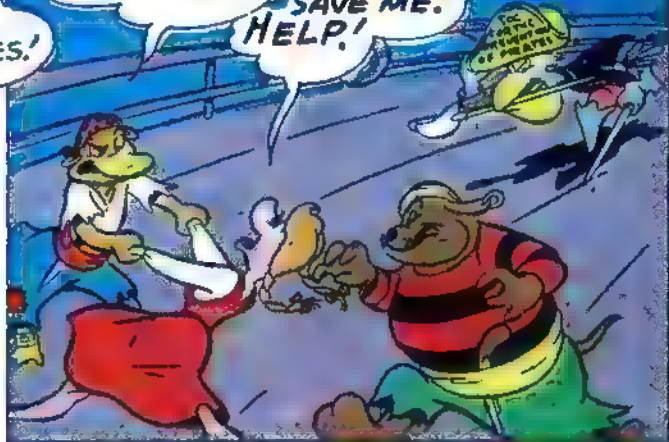
PETE KEEPS EVERYTHING IN THAT POUCH OF HIS.

A SWORD-SWALLOWING ACT IN REVERSE, EH? AVAST VARLETS, PELICAN PETE POUNCES!



THE SHIP'S OURS! COLLECT THE GOLD AND GALS!

SAVE ME! HELP!



AT YOUR SERVICE, LADY, AND MY SERVICE IS FAST AND SHARP!

OOOWW!

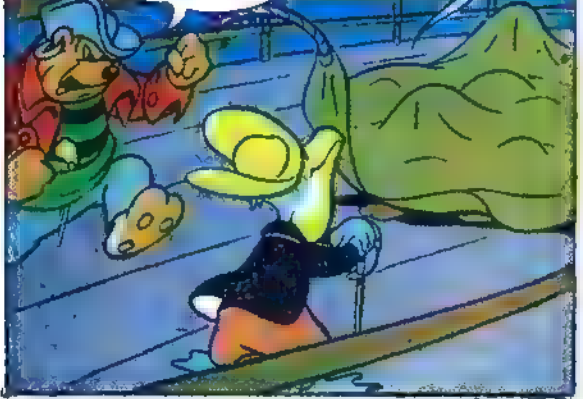


YOU SAIL OVERBOARD! AND HERE'S A SAIL FOR THE REST OF YOU!

RUSH HIM!

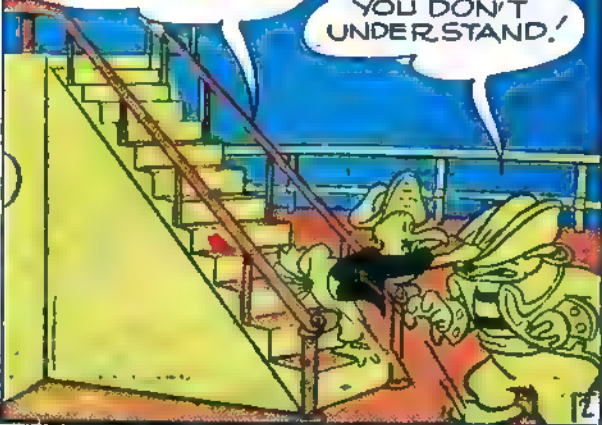


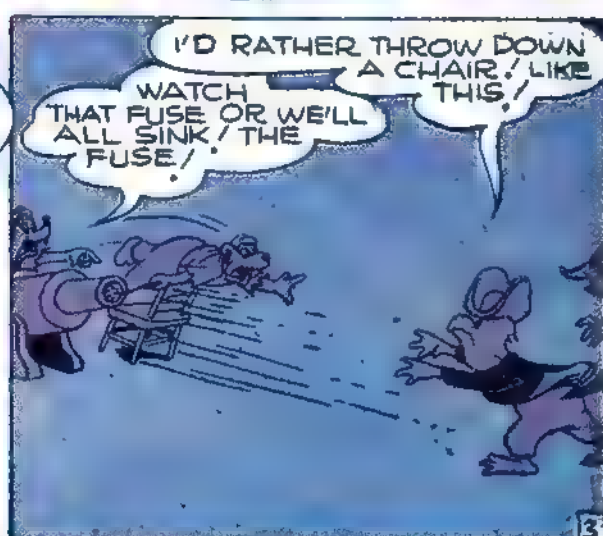
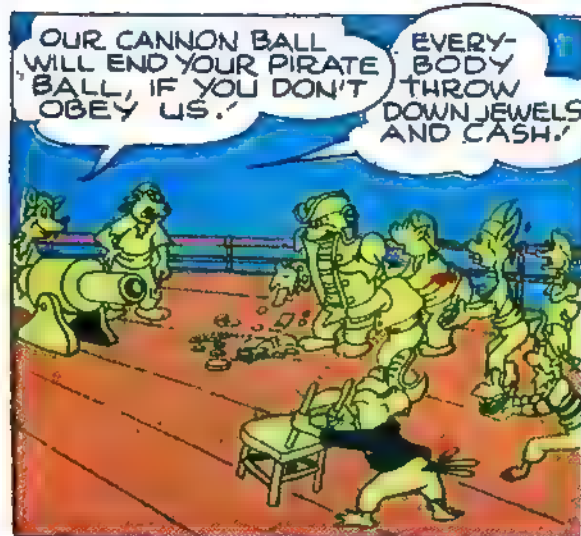
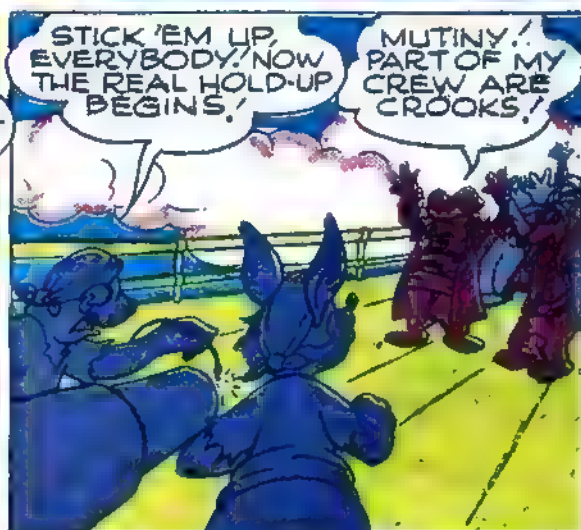
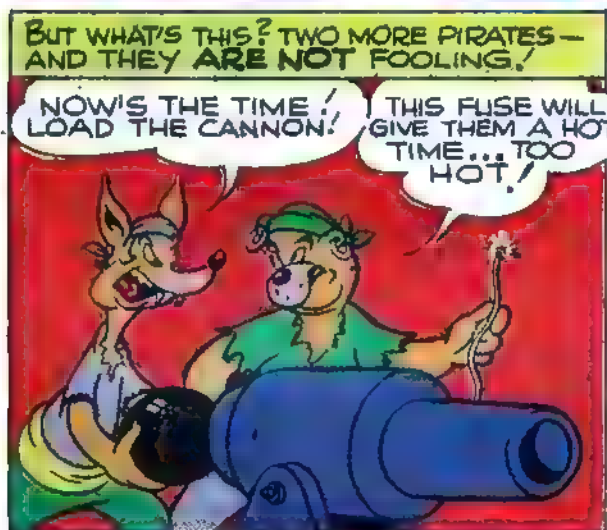
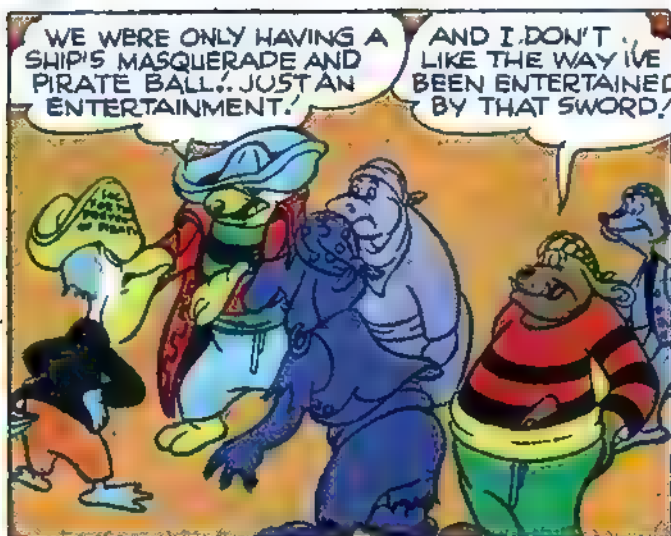
THAT SHOULD WRAP UP THE WHOLE GANG. WHAT GOES ON HERE, YOU MEDDLING FOOL?

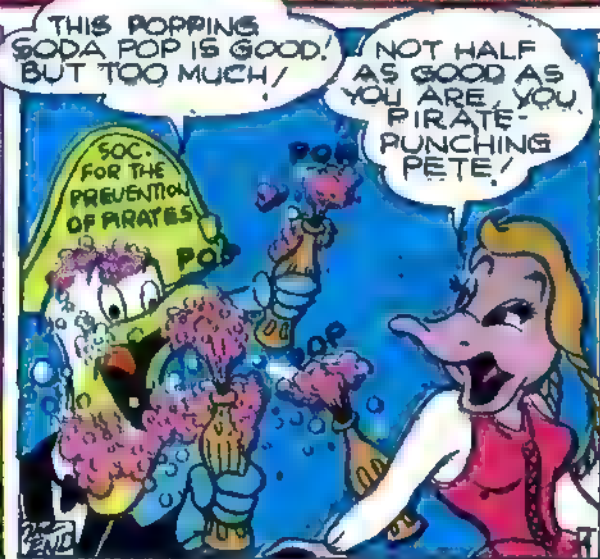
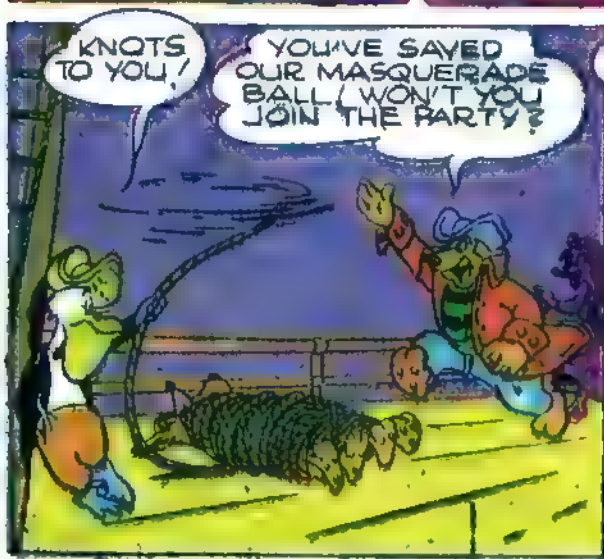
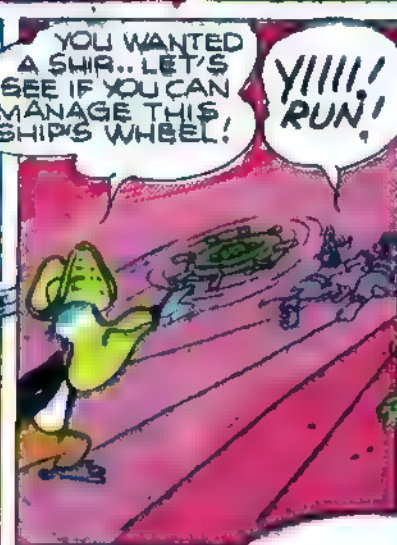
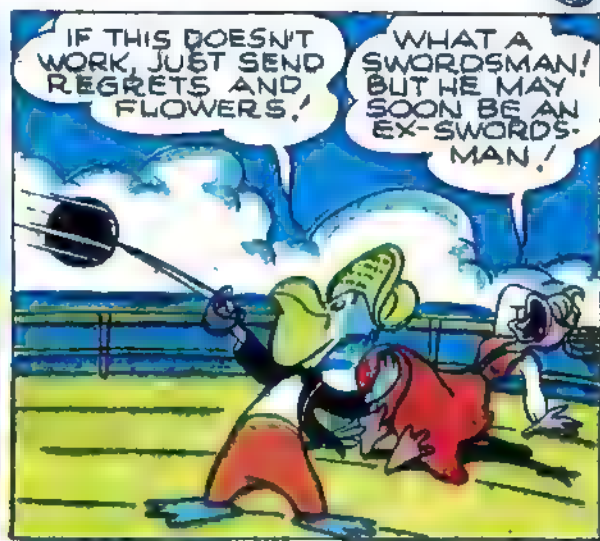
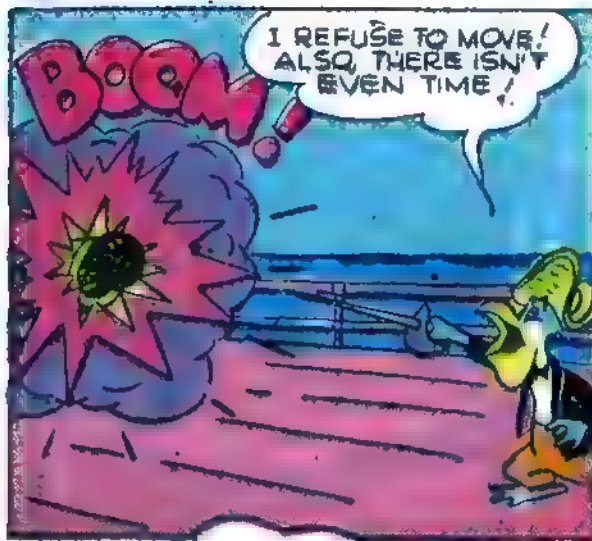


YOUR HAT GOES ON! BUT OVER YOUR HEAD!

STOP, STOP! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!







WHAT POSITION
YA PLAYIN' THIS
YEAR, HANK?

GREENBERG
PLAYED THE ALL-
STAR GAME BOTH
AS 1ST BASEMAN
AND LEFT FIELDER.
HE WAS TWICE
VOTED THE MOST
VALUABLE
PLAYER AWARD

BETTER DUCK!
GREENBERG'S
AT BAT

HARD-HITTING HANK MANUFACTURED
58 HOMERS IN ONE YEAR--HE
IS THE ONLY PLAYER WHO
EVER DROVE THE BALL INTO
CENTER-FIELD BLEACHERS AT
CHICAGO'S COMISKEY PARK

Hank

GREENBERG

CHAMPION
SLUGGER OF
THE
CHAMPION
DETROIT
TIGERS

MUST'VE
HAD HIS
WHEATIES

EAT,
YOUR
WHEATIES

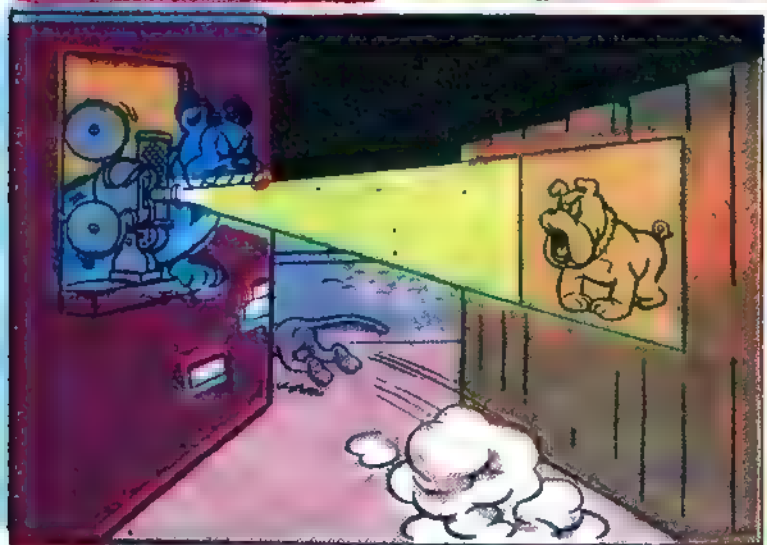
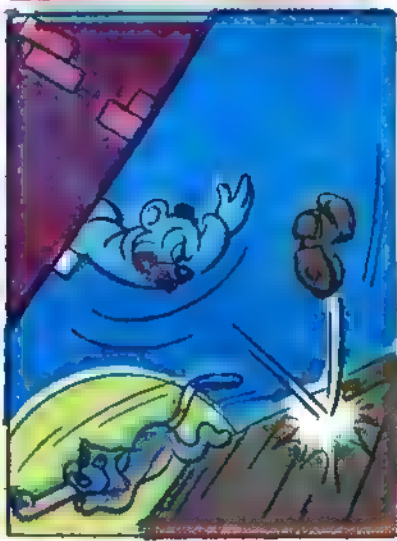
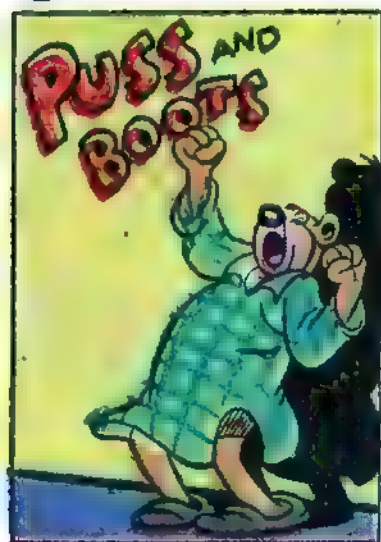
GET
YOUR
BASEBALL
BOOK

"I EAT WHEATIES JUST ABOUT EVERY
MORNING," SAYS, HANK GREENBERG. "THAT
SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR--PLUS THAT FINE
NOURISHMENT--GIVES ME JUST WHAT I'M
LOOKING FOR TO START MY BREAKFAST RIGHT"

"YOU'LL FIND SOME VERY GOOD TIPS IN
WHEATIES NEW BOOK, 'WANT TO BE A
BASEBALL CHAMPION?'" SAYS CHAMPION
HANK GREENBERG. USE COUPON ON
WHEATIES PACKAGE TO GET YOUR COPY
--GET 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS

"Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions"
a registered trademark of
General Mills, Inc.





KING OSCAR'S COURT

WHEN A SCOUNDRELLY SCHEMER THREATENS THE SAFETY OF KING OSCAR AND HIS ROUND TABLE, THE KING SAVES THE PERILOUS SITUATION ONLY AFTER FEARLESSLY FACING...

"A TOUGH DAY AND KNIGHT!"

GOODE KING OSCAR AND HIS KNIGHTS ARE HAVING A ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION...

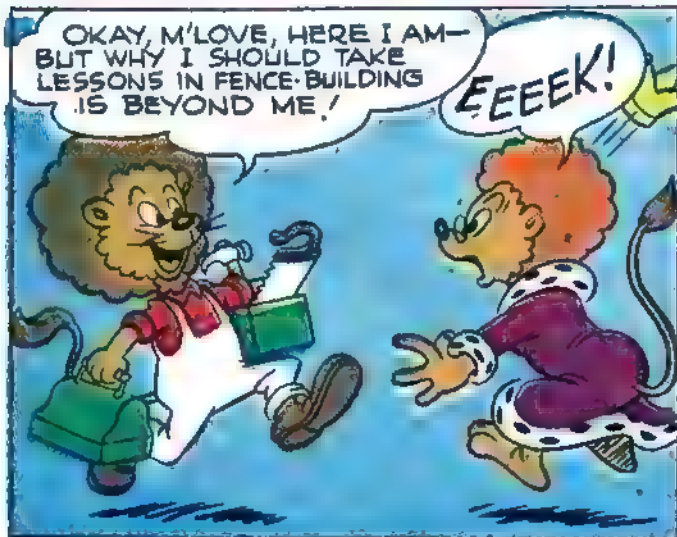
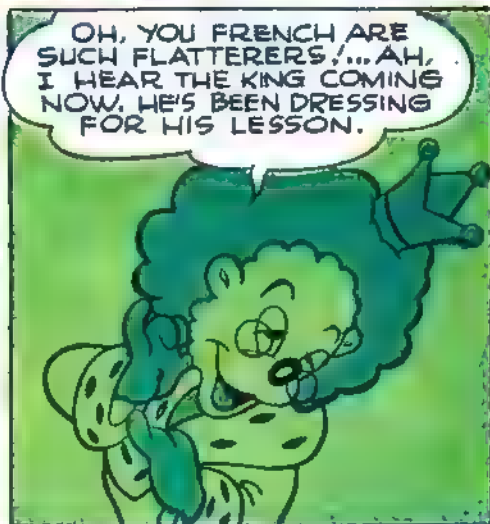
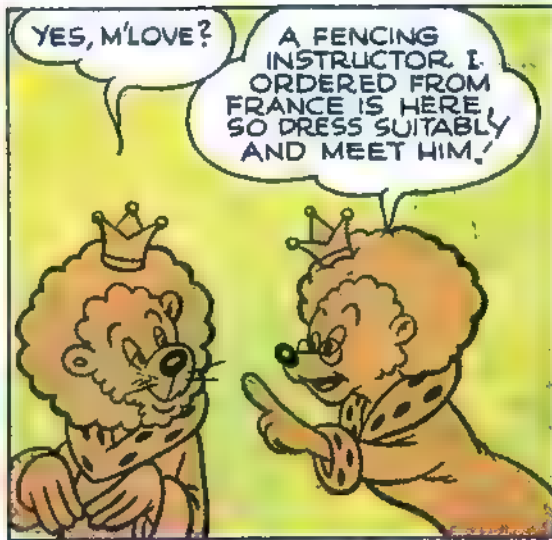
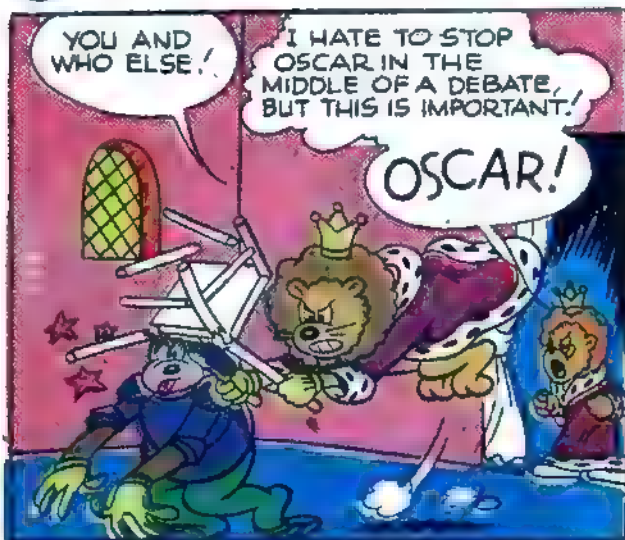
YOU'RE ANOTHER!

IS THAT SO?

SEZ YOU!

YOWK!





OF ALL THE SISSIFIED-LOOKING OUTFITS, IF MY KNIGHTS SEE ME THIS WAY, I'LL NEVER HEAR THE LAST OF IT!

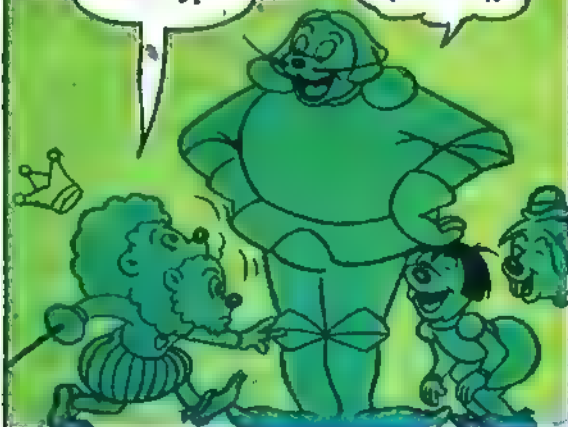


IF I CAN ONLY GET THROUGH THE GREAT HALL SAFELY...



A FEW FEET MORE AND... UGH! YOU!?

HO-HO-HO HA-HA!



HA-HA!

HO HO!

STOP IT, YOU BRAYING DONKEYS!



DON'T YOU OAFS REALIZE THAT IF THIS FAD TAKES ON, THE QUEEN WILL HAVE YOU ALL DRESSED LIKE THIS... AND CARRYING ONE OF THESE SILLY FENCING SWORDS?

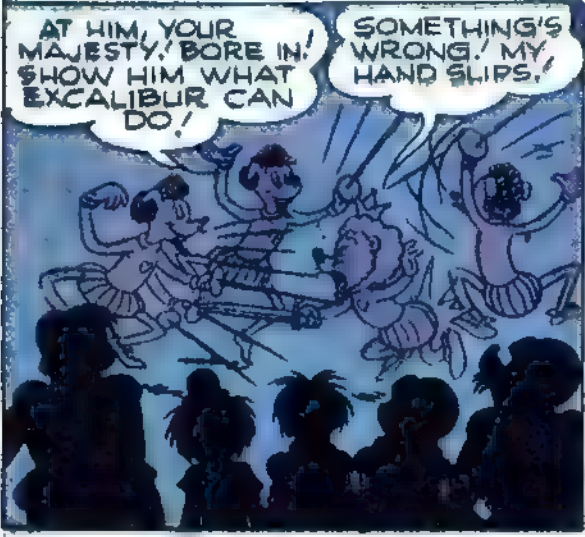
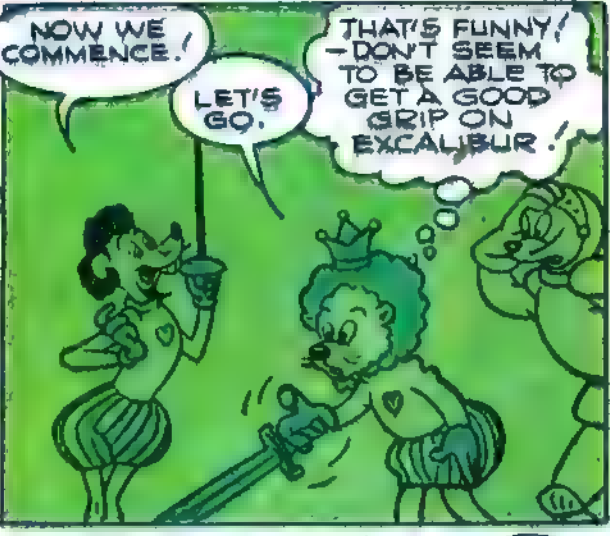
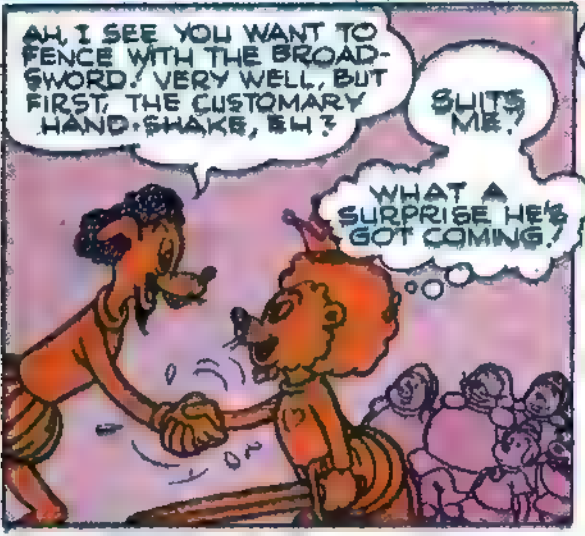
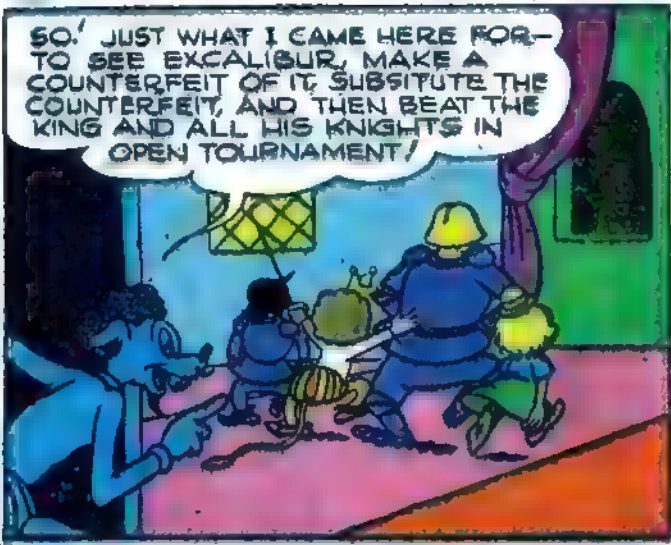
GORSH! THAT'S BAD, WE GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN'!

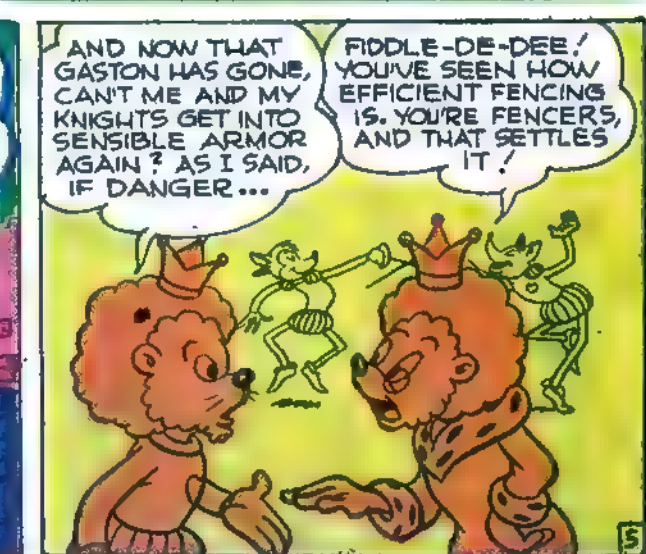
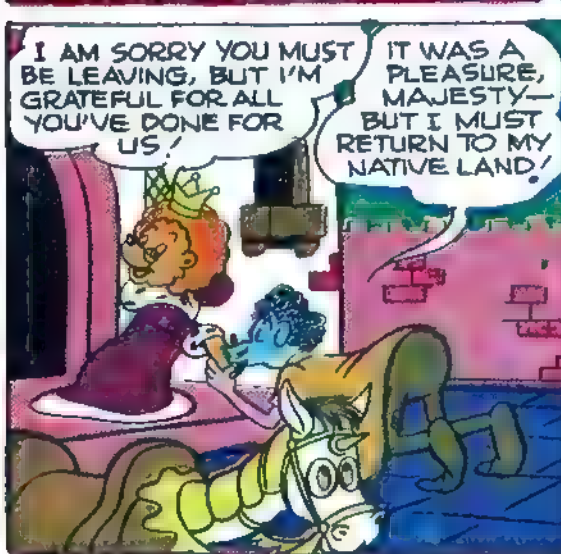
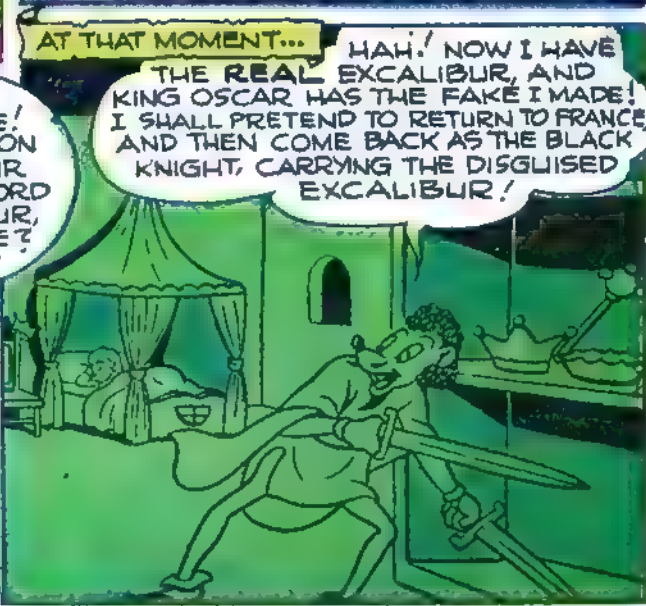
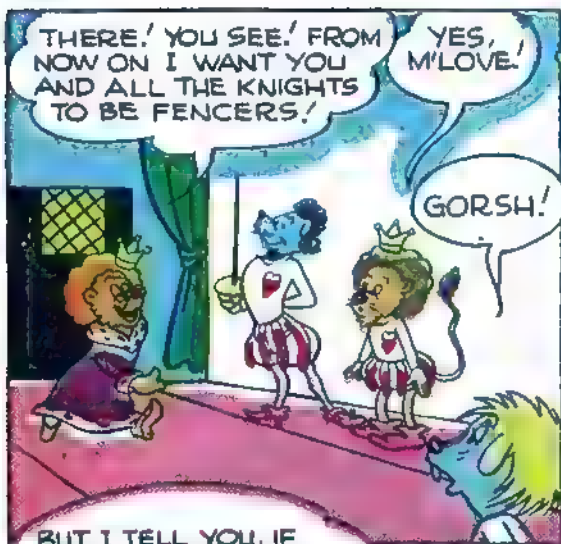


I'VE GOT IT! INSTEAD OF THAT SILLY THIN FENCING SWORD, USE YOUR MAGIC SWORD, EXCALIBUR! IT'LL SCARE HIM ALL THE WAY BACK TO FRANCE.

WONDERFUL, SIR SCRAMSELOT! NOTHING CAN STAND UP IN FRONT OF EXCALIBUR!







THE VERY NEXT DAY...

GORSH, SIR SCRAMSELOT, A BLACK KNIGHT RIDING THIS WAY, HOPE HE'S FRIENDLY. NONE OF US CAN FIGHT IN THESE GET-UPS.

GORSH, MEBBE NOT-BUT WE CAN RUN AWAY A LOT FASTER!

HEAR YE, DWELLERS OF CAMELOT! TOMORROW, I, THE BLACK KNIGHT, SHALL RETURN AND DO BATTLE WITH THE KING AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE IN OPEN TOURNAMENT!

AND YOU'LL GET BEATEN, NEVER FEAR!

HA, HA! WITH ME CARRYING EXCALIBUR, AND THEM WEARING NO ARMOR, I'LL KNOCK 'EM ALL LOOPY AND GRAB THE THRONE!

I'LL SHOW HIM! EVEN IF THE QUEEN MAKES US WEAR THESE FENCING SUITS, HE WON'T BE A MATCH FOR EXCALIBUR!

BUT YOUR MAJESTY, THE LAST TIME YOU USED EXCALIBUR, YOU...

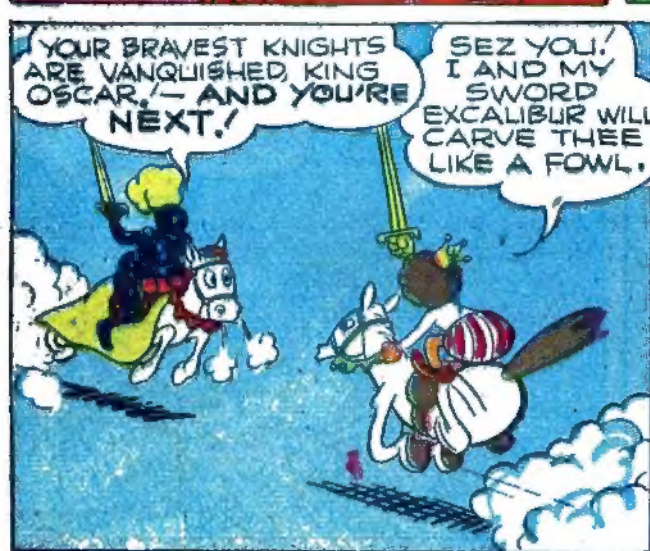
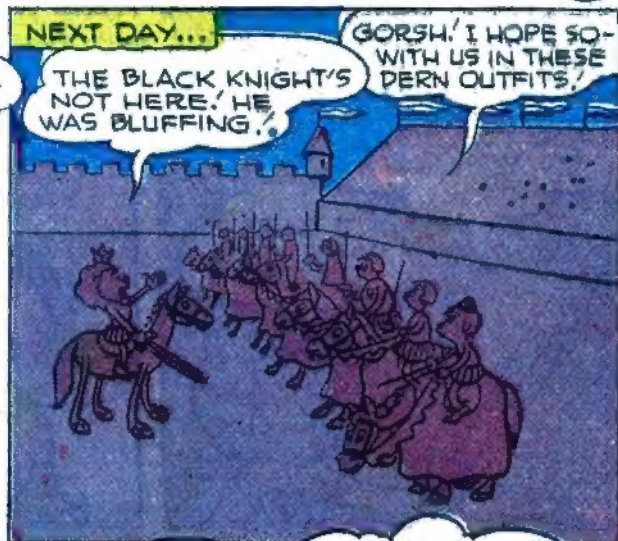
TUT, TUT, SIR AWGOWAN! THAT WAS ONLY USED ONCE. WATCH ME SWING TOMORROW!

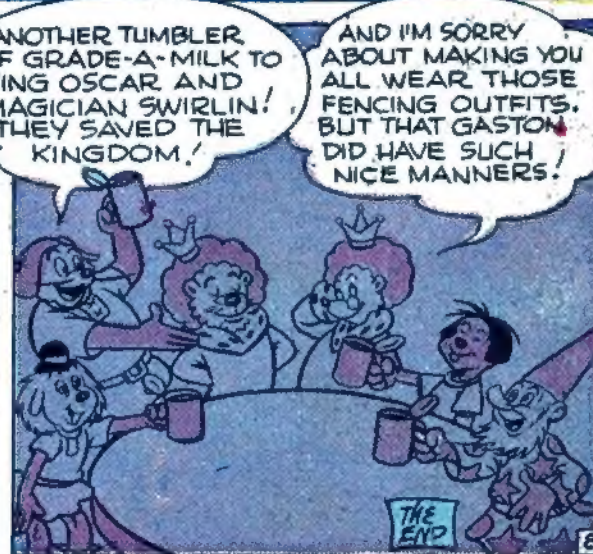
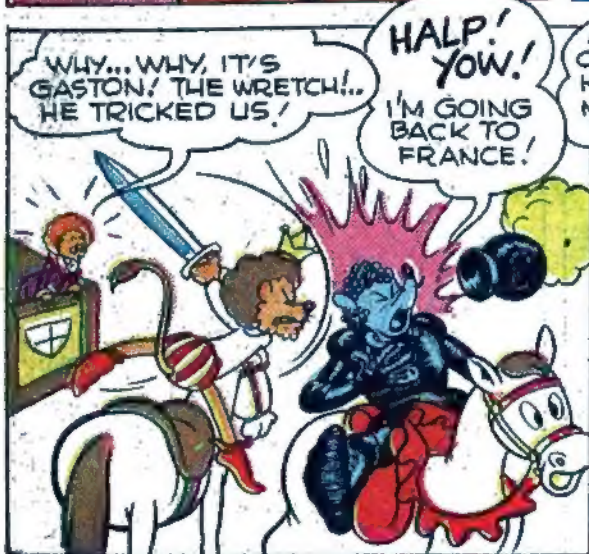
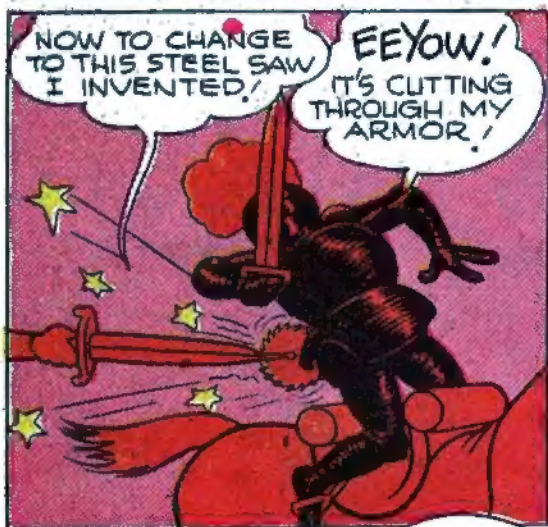
GOOD THING THAT BLACK KNIGHT CAME ALONG. I SHALL SHOW THE QUEEN THAT THE OLD METHODS ARE BEST—

OWOOTCH! HEY!!

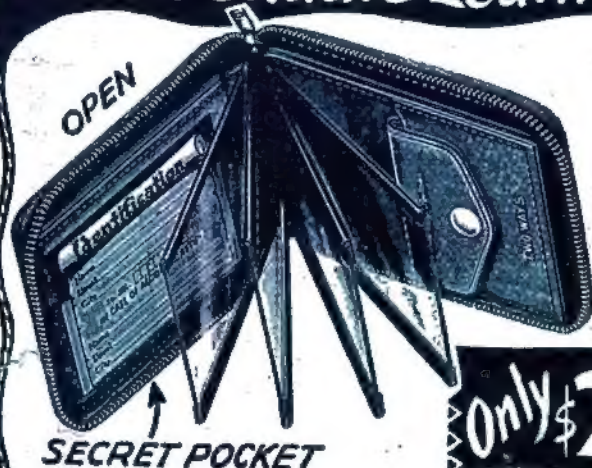
SWIRLIN, THE MAGICIAN! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CHANGING YOURSELF INTO A BUCKET?

I WAS THIRSTY FOR A LITTLE DRINK OF DEW WATER! LISTEN, THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO TELL YOU!





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You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its secret pocket for valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only \$2.98 plus tax. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.



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ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 4129-C
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-In Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only \$2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

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☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance \$3.98 (plus 20% Federal Excise tax total \$2.38).

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new, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately rest your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the seasonally low price of only \$1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

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Compass. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only \$1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk-money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.



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SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

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500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on your no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

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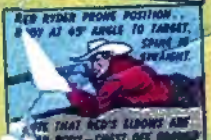
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